

AUTOMOBILE SUPPLIES

AT

P. WENDELL & CO.

2 MARKET SQUARE.

MUSIC HALL.

W. HARTFORD, - - - MANAGER.

aturday Evening, Sept. 14.
MAURICE CAMPBELL
OFFERS

HENRIETTA CROSMAN

IN THE MERRY PLAY

MISTRESS NELL

BY GEORGE C. HAZELTON, JR.

The Most Notable Dramatic Success of the New Century.

SAMPLES OF BOSTON'S ENTHUSIASM.

"Every visit reveals new beauties. An artistic cameo. One of the brightest pictures in the gallery of modern stage portraits. In all Miss Crosmen is delightful."—HERALD.

"A continuous delight."—GLOBE.

"Refreshing and gratifying. Delicious."—POST.

"The quietness of genuine comedy. The exemplification of the best the art of acting."—JOURNAL.

"Exquisite and satisfying."—TRANSCRIPT.

NEW YORK JOURNAL said: "A shock of pleasure."

Seats on sale at Music Hall box office Thursday morning, Sept. 12th.

Portsmouth Steam Packet Co.

SEASON OF 1901.

TIME TABLE
Commencing June 20, 1901.

PORTSMOUTH

..... AND

ISLES OF SHOALS.

HOTELS APPLIEDORE AND OCEANIC.

STEAMER MERRYCONAG

VES PORTSMOUTH, wharf foot of Deer
cent, for Isles of Shoals, at 8:30 and 11:30 A.
and 5:40 P. M. SUNDAYS at 10:45 A. M. and
9 P. M.

RETURNING

VES APPLIEDORE, ISLES OF SHOALS,
Portsmouth, at 6:30 and 9:15 A. M. and 3:25
P. M. SUNDAYS at 8:45 A. M. and 3:30 P. M.

ingements for parties can be made on the
Wharf with Willard B. Ellison, General
Manager.

for Round Trip 50 Cents.

GOOD ON DAY OF ISSUE ONLY.

Single Fare 50 Cents.

SEA TRIP AND DINNER.

ere will be an excursion and fish dinner at
Isles of Shoals every Sunday during the
on. Steamer leaves Appliedore wharf, foot
of Deer street, off Market, at 10:45 A. M. Tick-
ets placed at \$1 for the round trip on the
mer and dinner at the Oceanic hotel, Star
nd.

EXCEPTIONS OVERRULED.

afford County Wins Its Suit in the
Haley Case of Portsmouth.

n the case of Strafford county vs.
Kingham county which has been
on the full bench on exceptions
on by the defendant, a verdict has
n awarded in favor of the plaintiff
the filing of certain affidavits.

he suit was brought by Strafford
nty to recover \$124.05 for board of
ephine Haley, whom it was alleged
a Rockingham county charge. The
er was tried before Judge Young
ter, who decided in favor of the
ntiff. The case was then sent up to
full bench on exceptions taken by
defendant.

he exceptions were overruled by the
bench and Rockingham county will
e to settle by paying Strafford
nty \$124.05

he little boy is in school.

RAPID RECOVERY EXPECTED

This Is The Latest News Received
From The Milburn Residence.

The President's Relatives Are So Sanguine
That They Are Already Leaving Buffalo.

Senator Hanna Says, "Everything Is All Right," And
He May Leave For Home Today.

Special to the Herald

BUFFALO, Sept. 10, 2 p. m. — Nothing but the most satisfactory of news has come from the president's physicians today. A bulletin issued at 9 a. m., the latest up to 2 this afternoon, was that if no complications arise, and which are now unexpected, the president would rapidly recover. At the time of the bulletin the pulse was 104, temperature 99.8, respiration 26. The physician's note states that the temperature was taken in the mouth, and should be read one degree higher.

Everyone has been cheered by the tone of the bulletin for the past twenty-four hours.

BUFFALO, Sept. 9.—At 9:15 o'clock tonight, Miss McKinley, the president's sister; Dr. and Mrs. Herman Baer, the latter a niece of the president; and the Misses Barbour, his nieces, left the Milburn house, and taking carriages, announced their intention of returning home tomorrow. Abner McKinley accompanied them to the station. He said to the Associated Press representative: "The nearest relatives of the president feel so confident of his recovery that they do not hesitate in leaving for their homes."

Postmaster Freese of Canton, Ohio, a warm personal friend of the president, who came here today filled with anxiety, said tonight: "I go back to Canton tonight because I have the most positive assurance of the president's rapid recovery."

At half past ten o'clock tonight, the entire temper of everybody about the Milburn house seemed to have undergone a radical change. The police did not stop wagons from passing the near east corner at high speed. The regular army guards were not so particular about whom they allowed to pass up the guarded thoroughfare.

At 10:50, all the lights in the house, with the exception of those shining dimly in the sick room, were extinguished, and by eleven o'clock peaceful quiet reigned about the house.

The 9:30 bulletin of the physicians, as promised, was to be the last of the night. Although brief, it called attention to the fact that the president's pulse remained the same at that hour as it had been in the morning and his temperature was eight tenths of a degree lower, both of which were highly favorable symptoms.

Senator Hanna said tonight: "Everything is all right, and if the president's improvement continues, I may go home tomorrow."

Confidence Becomes Conviction.
BUFFALO, Sept. 9.—God's contribution to the American people will be the

sparing of the president's life. John G. Milburn, president of the Pan American exposition, reverently uttered these words tonight. All who have been at the Milburn residence reflect the view that the battle will be won and the prayers of the world answered. Since last night not an unfavorable symptom has appeared. Every hour has been a victory. Faith in the outcome has waxed stronger and stronger, and hope mounts higher and higher, until in the minds of some this hope has become conviction. Indeed, the president's friends have become possessed of a superstitious confidence in his recovery, and the basis for this is solid. Nothing but improvement has been noted since last night, improvement slow but steady. Yet the president is by no means out of danger. This is the verdict of each of the physicians attending him. Not one of them will risk his professional reputation on the statement that the president will live. All they will say is that with every hour the danger of complications with peritonitis diminish. The following bulletin was issued by the president's physicians at half past nine o'clock this evening:

The president's condition continues favorable. Pulse 112; Temperature 101; respiration 27.

Vice President Roosevelt will not leave the city until the physicians issue a bulletin or opinion to the effect that the president will positively recover.

A Good Job Done.

DENVER, Sept. 9.—A special despatch from Silver City, New Mexico, says: "Antonio Naggio, the musician and alleged anarchist who is said to have predicted the assassination of President McKinley before October, 1901, was arrested at San Rita, New Mexico, this afternoon, by United States Marshal Foraker, on instructions from Washington. Naggio has been playing a piano in a saloon for some time. He is said to have frequently made the prediction that the president would be killed before October first next, since coming to this city in February last. He is quoted as saying that Emperor William of Germany will be the next ruler assassinated."

Hay Bound For Buffalo.

BOSTON, Sept. 9.—Secretary of State Hay arrived from Newbury, N. H., today, and immediately left for Buffalo.

P. A. C. OUTING.

The members of the Portsmouth Athletic club, headed by Reinwald's naval band started for the Johnson farm, Sagamore, this afternoon for the annual outing, which promises to be a grandly pleasant one. The club turned out with the full number of members.

After Dinner

To assist digestion, relieve distress after eating or drinking too heartily, to prevent constipation, take

Hood's Pills

Sold everywhere. 25 cents.

INVESTIGATION FINISHED.

Money of the Dead Man To Be Used for Benefit of Boy.

Coroner Rider and Marshal Eatwistle have concluded their investigation of the death of Richard Hoyne, who was found in the water near Gray's island on Saturday. The circumstances seem to show that the man was on Brough ton's wharf all of Thursday evening in company with several of the hangers-on in that locality. That while there Hoyne expended quite a number of dollars in buying bottles of beer for the crowd, and gave some of the ladies of the party more or less money. That while there he walked to the end of the wharf twice, and was prevented from falling in the water by one of the party, and that at ten o'clock they all went away, leaving him sitting on a pile of lumber.

It is supposed that he got up during the night and walked overboard. There were no marks or scars on the body to show evidence of foul play, and the only fact of suspicion of such was that only thirty two cents was found on his person, while it was known that he had about seventeen dollars at noon, but as considerable beer was purchased, and as he distributed his money freely while with the party, there was no doubt of the death being accidental, and the coroner decided that no inquest was necessary. Hoyne had a life insurance, which the county authorities will see is placed in the hands of a guardian for the use of the twelve-year-old boy, who is the only child.

AT THE NAVY YARD.

Nat Milliken of the engineering is out on a vacation of fifteen days.

The Naval band plays at the P. A. C. anniversary in Portsmouth today.

A board of survey has been ordered to look over the U. S. S. Marietta on her arrival here.

William Dow has returned to his duties in construction and repair after a few days' illness.

Several members of the P. A. C. will be away from work today, attending the club's annual outing.

Surgeon Royal R. Richardson, U. S. N., has been ordered to the U. S. S. Vixen, now at this yard.

John Scott of construction and repair leaves today on a vacation to be passed at his former home in Nova Scotia.

Leadingman W. H. Evans of the general store is enjoying a short leave of absence and will visit Lowell, Manchester and Boston before his return.

Boatswain Sweeney and yard crew of the tug Nezinscott, with a lighter, are making ready for the new pier to be used in the floating of the old dry dock.

The steamer Alice Howard, with the workmen, now makes a new landing at the yard, the old stage having been put to the use of the boatswain and crew.

New masts have been put in the Raleigh. They are not much like the old masts that were taken out and will not answer the same purpose as the former ones. They will have no fighting top and will simply answer for signal poles and are decidedly different in height and size. The U. S. S. Detroit will also have the same masts put in, with the other repairs on this ship.

OBSEQUES.

The funeral services over the remains of Richard Hoyne took place at the Church of the Immaculate Conception on Monday morning at eight o'clock. Rev. Fr. Finnegan officiating, and were attended by a large number of the friends of the deceased. The pall bearers were Cornelius Driscoll, Jeremiah Reagan, Bernard Loughlin, Richard Fullam, Patrick Haey and William Fay. Interment was in Calvary cemetery, William P. Miskell having charge of the arrangements.

The funeral of John Napier, a very sad occasion, was held at his home, 59 Daniel street, at two o'clock this afternoon. The Rev. Thomas Whiteside, pastor of Trinity Methodist church, conducted the service, very many of the friends of the deceased being at the deceased being at the house, and the Veterans Firemen's association was represented by a delegation. There were floral offerings in profusion and the words of the minister were full of sympathy and hope. Interment was made in the family lot in Harmony Grove cemetery, the funeral director being Mr. H. W. Nickerson.

Capt. Lewis Bly of the Royal navy is a guest at the Rockingham.

MISTRESS NELL.

Crowned with the laurels of a phenomenal success, Miss Henrietta Crosmen will come to Music hall, Saturday, Sept. 14, to show local playgoers her enthusiastically-praised performance in Mistress Nell, which the Boston Globe called a continuous delight, and which the Boston Herald declared to be an artistic cameo—one of the brightest pictures in the gallery of modern stage portraits. Miss Crosmen's engagement of the month at the Tremont theatre, Boston, last season was so remarkably successful in many ways that it attracted the attention of all New England. At that time she could not make a New England tour because of the exigencies of other engagements. A promise was then made that she would begin the season with a tour of the principal cities in the New England states, and it is in pursuance of that promise that Miss Crosmen is coming here. The story of this clever woman's extraordinary success is well known. It has brought her into the white light of a great publicity, and under every test—and many have been applied—she has proved herself a great comedienne, an actress of the first merit, one who believes in the high ideals of her art and practices her belief. Judging by all that has been said of Miss Crosmen, she did not receive one word of adverse criticism, it needs no gift of prophecy to declare that a treat of rare proportions which Alan Dalo, of the New York Journal said "came with a shock of pleasure." The play will be staged exactly as in New York and Boston, with all the original scenery and effects, including the beautiful and picturesque furniture of the period of the Restoration, all of which is carried by the company. The cast will be found an admirable and adequate one.

OBITUARY.

Jerome P. Heeney.

Jerome P. Heeney, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Heeney, died at the home of his parents, No. 112 Islington street, Sunday afternoon, after a short illness. The funeral was held on Monday afternoon at four o'clock, at his late home. Interment was in Calvary cemetery under the direction of Undertaker William P. Miskell.

KITTERY.

Mrs. Fred Noyes went to Boston this morning.

Miss Joseph Stackpole of Eliot was the guest of Mrs. Elizabeth Briard on Monday.

Attorney Charles Cogswell Smith is passing a week in northern Maine on a business trip.

The regular Tuesday evening prayer meetings will be held at the local churches this evening.

There will be a regular meeting this evening, of Constitution lodge, Knights of Pythias, at Odd Fellows' hall.

Mrs. Scribner of Leominster, Mass., who has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. George Summitt, returned home on Monday.

Bert Peavey has reopened his barber shop on Government street and is again prepared to attend to the needs of his many former patrons.

Mr. Al Dansecom, a well known navy yard workman, is seriously sick at his home with a stomach trouble, and for the past few days has been in a condition that has caused anxiety to his family.

Rev. W. W. Simpson, who has spent eight years in China as a missionary of the cross, will speak this evening at the prayer meeting at the Second Christian church, and will also speak each night until Friday evening on themes to strengthen faith and love in believers' hearts. All are welcome. All are invited. A great privilege to all.

At the First Christian chapel in Kittery Point at two o'clock this afternoon, occurred the funeral of Mrs. Mary E. Blake, wife of Horace Blake. The service was conducted by the Rev. D. C. Loucks, pastor of the church. Many of the neighbors and friends of the family were present at the service. Interment was in the family cemetery under the direction of Mr. Oliver W. Ham.

New Departure

I have a new stock of

Wall Papers and Paints

Which I can furnish a

Lowest Prices.

Charles E. Walker,
Government St., Kittery, Me.

BASE BALL.

The following was the result of the games played yesterday:

NATIONAL LEAGUE.

Boston 5, Cincinnati 3; at Boston. Brooklyn 8, Chicago 0; at Brooklyn. Philadelphia 5, Pittsburgh 11; at Philadelphia.

New York 3, St. Louis 11; at New York.

AMERICAN LEAGUE.

Chicago 4, Boston 3, first game; Chicago 6, Boston 1, second game; at Chicago.

Cleveland 4, Philadelphia 1; at Cleveland.

Detroit 8, Baltimore 5; at Detroit.

EASTERN LEAGUE.

Providence 10, Brockton 2; at Providence.

Rochester 2, Buffalo 6; at Rochester.

Hartford 1, Worcester 5; at Hartford.

THE SCHLEY INQUIRY.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 9.—During the conference between Admiral Dewey, president of the Schley court of inquiry, and Capt. Lemly, the judge advocate, today, it was arranged that the sessions of the court, after Thursday, shall be held daily from ten o'clock to twelve and from one to three, or thereabouts. The court will sit continuously until the investigation is concluded. Capt. Francis A. Cook, who commanded Admiral Schley's flagship, the cruiser Brooklyn, during the Santiago operations, and Lieut. Comdr. Sears occupied practically the entire day in close consultation with Admiral Schley's counsel. It is understood that Capt. Cook will be the first witness for Admiral Schley.

DOVER AND ELIOT STREET RAILWAY.

CONCORD, N. H., Sept. 9.—Articles of agreement were filed today with the secretary of state for the formation of a corporation to be known as the Dover and Eliot Street railway, a line two and a half miles long, to connect the city of Dover with the town of Eliot, Me. The capital stock is placed at \$25,000, of which Gov. Hill of Maine has taken twenty-two shares, each at \$100.

STEEL STRIKE STILL ON.

PITTSBURGH, Sept. 9.—The last effort to settle the great steel strike has failed. The general executive board of the Amalgamated association adjourned to night without date, without having accepted the proposition of the United States Steel corporation or having submitted any counter proposition.

THE PROTOCOL SIGNED.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 9.—The following despatch has been received at the state department:

PRIN, Sept. 9.—The protocol was signed on the 7th. Rockhill left on the 8th.

WEATHER INDICATIONS.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 9.—Forecast for New England: Fair Tuesday; Wednesday partly cloudy, probably showers in southern and western portions; light to fresh winds, becoming variable.

TO BE BROKEN UP.

Boston, Sept. 9.—The work of breaking up the yacht Independence will be commenced tomorrow. Thomas W. Lawson gave the order tonight.

FIVE KILLED.

JAMESTOWN, N. D., Sept. 9.—A North Pacific train collided with an engine in the Jamestown yard tonight, and five persons were killed.

LOCAL BASE BALL.

There will be a game between the Maplowoods and Marins at Maplewood park, next Saturday afternoon. Collamore, the curfew wonder, will be in the box for the team from the navy yard. He has lightning speed.

The makeup of the two nines that will battle for supremacy at the P. A. C. outing this afternoon, at Sagamore, is as follows: Married men—Burke, (capt.) 2; Trefethen, c; Kipp, p; Marcy, 1; Newick, George, 3; Kirkpatrick, ss; Noyes, 1; Parker, m; Sweetser, r; substitutes, John Pender, Walter H. Page, Frank J. Philbrick, W. E. Peirce, Walter Sawyer, Single men—Molloy, (capt.) ss; O'Brien, c; Mitchell, p; Locke, 1; Hayes, Fred, 2; Conner, J. P., 3; Newell, 1; Tobey, m; Drow, r; substitutes, Charles Berry, Dr. Tobin, Elbridge Philbrick, George Boardman, W. O. Walton.

RUSSIAN SYMPATHY.

Widespread Interest in the President's Progress.

St. Petersburg, Sept. 9.—The entire Russian press is extremely sympathetic with President McKinley and the American people, and all condemn the anarchists unmeasured and demand the adoption of more efficient means for their repression and suppression. The Journal de St. Petersburg, which is edited by the foreign office, says:

"Everywhere will be felt profound indignation in presence of the odious act, whose author is affiliated with the reprobate international band called anarchists. In Russia, where are entertained very lively sympathies for the American nation, the sentiment inspiring us as a population is shared sincerely. Mr. McKinley before he was chosen president was already one of the most considerable men of his country. He was re-elected by a large majority and had recently announced grand, new projects to which he intended to devote his energies and was preparing to play a mediatory role with pacific intentions."

The Journal praises the orderliness and energy of the American people, attributing anarchism solely to undesirable immigrants who abuse the national hospitality.

Celebrate Czolgosz's Crime.

McCleesport, Pa., Sept. 9.—Two hundred Italian anarchists celebrated President McKinley's assassination yesterday at Guffy Hollow, a mining hamlet across Younglough from Binea Vista. Beer, whisky, speeches, songs and praises for Czolgosz were the order of the day. This is one of the largest anarchist groups in the country. It was started and led for years by Garrea Ciancavilla, who now lives at Spring Valley, Ill., and edits The Firebrand, the anarchist organ of Chicago. When Bresci assassinated King Humbert, he declared that McKinley would be the next victim of the anarchist plots. He also drew up resolutions praising Bresci which were published in Pittsburgh newspapers. Since moving away the Italian say he has still been an active spirit in the Guffy Hollow group.

Czolgosz Identified by Anarchists.

Chicago, Sept. 9.—If any further proof were needed that Leon Czolgosz was the guest of Chicago anarchists shortly before he went to Buffalo on his murderous mission, it was supplied by three of the prisoners at the Central police station. They identified a photograph of the murderous "red" as a picture of a man whom they saw at the home of Abraham Isaak, 515 Carroll avenue, not longer ago than July 12. Eleven men and women, who are avowed anarchists, have been formally looked on the charge of conspiracy to commit murder.

Cincinnati Anarchist Wanted.

Cincinnati, O., Sept. 9.—The identification of the band of anarchists which is supposed to have been responsible for the commission of the terrible tragedy at Buffalo is believed to extend to this city. The local police authorities have received a telegram from Chief Wilkie of the federal secret service requesting the arrest here of E. Laux, 1420 Monroe street. Beyond this statement no information was furnished. Detectives have failed so far to locate Laux, as there is no such number on Monroe street. The police claim to have the details of a former plot which was hatched here and in which a Cincinnati man left here for Canton, O., the home of the president, for the purpose of murder, but returned, unable to fulfill his purpose. It is thought that Emma Goldman visited here incognito not long ago.

Kansas Anarchists Glad.

Wichita, Kan., Sept. 9.—Anarchists at Chicago and Frontenac, small towns east of here, held jubilation meetings yesterday and gave thanks over the attempted assassination of the president. The meeting at Chicago was held in a coal mine beneath the ground and could not be broken up. The one at Frontenac was routed yesterday afternoon after several serious shooting scrapes.

Looking For Emma Goldman.

Buffalo, Sept. 9.—It is reported here that Emma Goldman, anarchist leader, was here last Monday and that she occupied a house a few doors from where Czolgosz lived. Superintendent Hill is said to have asked the New York police to arrest her. The New York authorities are said to be investigating the case at the request of Governor Odell.

Queen Christina's Sympathy.

Madrid, Sept. 9.—Queen Regent Christina has wired President McKinley an expression of her indignation at the outrage and her wishes for his happy and speedy recovery.

Capuan Perfumes.

Capua, the famous city where Hannibal's army was ruined by passing one winter, was noted for its manufactures of perfumes. The Capuan perfumes were sent in earthen and glass vessels to all parts of the Roman world.

Malta Honey.

The great quantities of clover raised in the island of Malta cause the honey from that section to be of great purity and of most delicious flavor.

An Indian Rattle.

The pazhuta-saka, or Indian conjurer's rattle, formerly used among the Sioux Indians, was always prepared with great care by the conjurer himself. It was made of rawhide and ornamented with feathers.

Teeth Cutting.

In teeth cutting water softens the gums and frequently stops the fretting and restlessness universal in children at this period.

PRESIDENT'S CONDITION

It Is Steadily Growing More Encouraging.

NO PRESENT SIGNS OF PERITONITIS

Dr. McBurney Thinks Outlook Is Favorable—Official Bulletin Says the President Is Resting Comfortably & Stays Ready if Needed.

Buffalo, Sept. 9.—Hope, encouragement, almost conviction, that President McKinley has passed the danger point of his illness and that his recovery to health is to be only a matter of time came with every bulletin from the sickroom and with every announcement from the doctors and high officials who were visitors at the Milburn house yesterday. As the day wore on the news kept getting better and better, until last night those who were said twenty-four hours before were cheerful faces, and those who had been pessimistic from the outset were all ready to admit that the president's recovery was nearly assured.

Senator Hanna at 5 o'clock last night, after leaving the house where the wounded executive lies stricken, talked freely of his renewed hope. "It looks very much better," he said. "There is every reason to hope. The president is in a good physical condition. His splendid constitution is beginning to assert itself. No, the danger is not passed, but there is no immediate cause for apprehension. Of course I want to be conservative. If these conditions continue for the next twenty-four hours, the surgeons will be able to give us news as satisfactory as we could wish. So far as any human agency can predict, this state of affairs will be brought about. The four hours of sleep the president had this afternoon is evidence of his almost normal condition. His mind is clear and his condition hopeful."

Dr. Charles McBurney, the eminent New York surgeon, arrived yesterday morning, and Dr. A. H. Knolls, with two assistants, came also from the Edison laboratory, bringing with them the Roentgen ray apparatus, which it has been thought best to have on hand



SCENE OF THE TRAGEDY.

in case the bullet in the muscles of the president's back should cause trouble. It is said that there is no likelihood of the X rays being used immediately, because no necessity exists as yet. Dr. McBurney went into consultation with the five attending surgeons, and at the close of the conference around the patient's bedside and later in the consultation room the New York surgeon said that he had not found a single unfavorable symptom and that there was not the slightest indication of peritonitis.

Dr. Roswell Parke, the chief surgeon of the staff, said to a personal friend in much the same language that Dr. McBurney used when he commented on the case before reaching here:

"I feel certain that the president will get well. This is not 1881, but 1901, and great strides have been made in surgery in the last 20 years."

Prattle For Operator.

In a private talk between Dr. McBurney and Dr. Matthew D. Mann, the Buffalo surgeon who wielded the knife during the operation on the Pan American grounds on last Friday, the more famous surgeon is said to have complimented the Buffalo scientist on the skill displayed and to have praised highly the promptness with which the operation was undertaken.

The good news from the sickroom which made the faces of the cabinet ministers and other prominent government officials beam with satisfaction all day had the same effect all over the city, between whose people and William McKinley there has existed for the last dozen years a peculiar affection seldom found when the individual is a resident of another city and of another state.

Prayers were offered for the president's recovery in all the churches, and the spirit of anxiety and those responsible for its incitement and encouragement were condemned from many a pulpit.

Condolences Pour In.

Secretary Cortelyou received Mayor Diehl of Buffalo, who bore telegrams of condolence from several South American republics, and in the multitude of similar cable messages received by the secretary were expressions of sympathy from the rulers of nearly every country in Europe and also one from Mrs. Labor, whose husband saved

from his Devil's Island cell the long suffering Dreyfus.

Mrs. McKinley, who has displayed such surprising and such wonderful fortitude under the terrible affliction, was well and strong enough yesterday to get out for a drive. Accompanied by her friend, Mrs. Lafayette McWilliams, she entered the closed carriage of Mrs. J. F. Chard and was driven through the park and along the great roadway which fringes the Niagara river. The weather was cool and delightful, and the president's wife returned from her drive much refreshed and without expressing fatigue.

Secretaries Hay and Long are the only members of the president's cabinet who are not here. The others have arranged for a prolonged stay. They have been quartered in the Buffalo club, but they have accepted the offer of William H. Glenn's house.

The residence is at Delaware avenue and Ferry street, and only a narrow driveway separates it from the Milburn house.

His Mind Clear.

All the effects of the other which was administered when the operation was performed on the exhibition grounds had disappeared yesterday morning, and the president's mind was perfectly clear during the time that he was awake yesterday.

For the first time he enjoyed natural sleep. While he was still more or less under the influence of the anesthetic his slumber was restless and disturbed and did him little real good. Between 9 and 4 o'clock he had the solace of natural slumber for about four hours, and the physicians said unofficially that his sleep had been "quiet and restful" and had helped the sufferer a great deal. Yesterday also for the first time nourishment was administered. It was in liquid form and was injected hypodermically to avoid the possibility of irritating the walls of the stomach where the sutures are healing.

Wound Is Healing.

The exterior wound was dressed yesterday morning and is progressing satisfactorily.

All day the members of the cabinet and others associated with the president in public life came solicitously and went away almost jubilantly, all reflecting the hopeful outlook at the Milburn house. Vice President Roosevelt received the earlier bulletins and after going to church hurried to the house. There he was joined by Senator Hanna. They came away together and gave expression to the most confident and encouraging sentiments. The vice president not only shared the cheerful feeling, but was extremely optimistic.

The cabinet officers felt it to be their duty to be here in this crisis to meet any emergency. They are holding no formal meetings, although there are some matters of public business which they discuss daily, and the possible contingencies should the president grow worse are also thoroughly canvassed.

They do not believe that there is the most remote possibility that Vice President Roosevelt will be called upon to exercise the functions of chief magistrate under the disability clause of the constitution while the president lives.

Vice President Roosevelt would not hear of such a course. Still, in the event of grave international complications an emergency might occur, and the question has arisen in their minds as to who should proclaim the disability provided for by the constitution. That instrument is silent on the subject. There is no precedent to follow. During the protracted illness of President Garfield before his death Vice President Arthur was not called upon to act. The consensus of opinion among the members of the cabinet is that should the occasion arise they themselves would have to decide and proclaim the existence of the disability.

Aimed at Anarchy.

Stringent measures against the anarchy evil have been discussed, and important developments are expected as the result of a conference which took place last night between Secretary Root of the war department and Attorney General Knox.

What will give great satisfaction to the American people generally is the discovery that Czolgosz, the cowardly assassin, will not be allowed to escape the consequences of his crime with a paltry ten years in prison in the event of the president's speedy recovery. Other charges of assault besides that covering the assault on President McKinley will be made against him, and on conviction of each of these charges he may be sentenced to an additional ten years in state prison.

The story of the president's condition is told by the day's bulletins issued by the secretary to the president, George B. Cortelyou, for Drs. P. M. Rixey, M. D. Mann, Roswell Parke, Herman Myer, Eugene Wasdin and, after 3 o'clock, Charles McBurney.

At 9 a. m.—The president passed a good night, and his condition this morning is quite encouraging. His mind is clear, and he is resting well. Wound dressed at half past 8 o'clock and found in a very satisfactory condition. There is no indication of peritonitis. Pulse, 132; temperature, 102.8; respiration, 24.

At 12 m.—The improvement in the president's condition has continued since last bulletin. Pulse, 128; temperature, 101; respiration, 27.

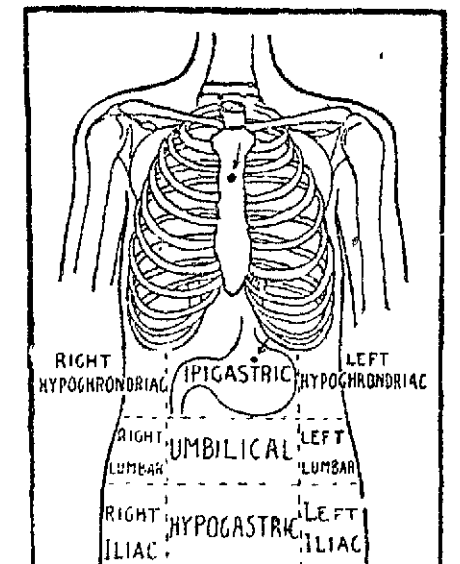
At 4 p. m.—The president since the last bulletin has slept quietly, four hours altogether since 9 o'clock. His condition is satisfactory to all the physicians present. Pulse, 128; temperature, 101; respiration, 28.

At 9 p. m.—The president is resting comfortably, and there is no special change since the last bulletin. Pulse, 130; temperature, 101.6; respiration, 30.

"In regard to the present condition of President McKinley I would call your attention to the fact that it is but little over forty-eight hours since the shot was fired.

"It is as yet too soon to speak confidently of the outcome. At the present hour, however, and giving due consideration to the severity of the injury and the importance and extent of the operation required, the patient's condition is entirely satisfactory.

"It is gratifying to find that up to the present time none of the numerous signs of inflammation or septic conditions has appeared. The temperature is not too high. It is lower tonight than it was this morning. The pulse is better, the facial expression is entirely satisfactory, the mind is clear, there is no pain or tenderness, no



WHERE THE BULLETS STRUCK.

nausea and no distension of the abdomen. At this stage I consider that this is a satisfactory condition, and yet it is much too soon to feel real confidence that unfavorable conditions have been entirely escaped—entirely too soon to make any such statements. For the present we are entirely satisfied, and if these conditions continue for the next two days we shall feel farther confidence.

"I may add to this truthful tribute: If the president lives, he will owe his life to the promptness and surgical skill which his professional attendants showed."

The First Operation.

The Express this morning says regarding the first operation performed on the president:

"The operation performed at the Emergency hospital left no need for a second operation to follow it almost immediately. The full details of the operation heretofore have not been known. It was performed by Dr. Matthew D. Mann. His first assistant was Dr. Herman Myer. His second assistant was Dr. John Larnier. His third assistant was Dr. Lee of St. Louis, who happened to be on the expedition grounds at the time of the tragedy and placed his services at the disposal of the president. Dr. Nelson W. Wilson noted the time of the operation and took the notes. Dr. Eugene Wasdin of the Marine hospital gave the anesthetic. Dr. Rixey arrived at the latter part of the operation and held the light. Dr. Park arrived at the close of the operation. It was Dr. Mann who wielded the knife.

"The operation lasted almost an hour. A cut about five inches long was made.

It was found necessary to turn up the stomach of the president in order to trace the course of the bullet. The bullet's opening in the front wall of the stomach was small, and it was carefully closed with sutures, after which a search was made for the hole in the back wall of the stomach. This hole where the bullet went out of the stomach was larger than the hole in the front wall of the stomach—in fact, it was a wound over an inch in diameter, jagged and ragged. It was sewed up in three layers. This wound was larger than the wound where the bullet entered the stomach, because the bullet in its course forced tissues through ahead of it.

"In turning up the stomach, an act that was absolutely necessary and was performed by Dr. Mann with rare skill, the danger was that some of the contents of the stomach might go into the abdominal cavity and as a result cause peritonitis. It so happened that there was very little in the president's stomach at the time of the operation. More over, subsequent developments tend to show that this feature of the operation was grandly successful and that none of the contents of the stomach entered the abdominal cavity. If any of the contents had entered the cavity, the probability is that before now peritonitis would have set in.

"In this connection it is of interest that some experienced surgeons do not mind the temperature at all in noting the bulletins of the president's condition, but say that so long as the pulse is in the proper relation to the temperature in a big operation like this it is very common for the temperature to remain around 102 or even 103. But if the temperature had dropped and the pulse had accelerated, it would have been a danger signal of peritonitis setting in. It is of interest also to know that after an operation of this kind the peristaltic or compressive action in the abdominal cavity ceases or becomes retrograde. After the operation as soon as the patient passes anything, even gas, through the rectum it is a sign that peristaltic action has recommenced normally and that the danger of peritonitis was practically over. After an operation such as was performed on the president the surgeons wish to know at once when gas is passed, for they take it then that the patient is comparatively safe from peritonitis. The point of tremendous importance in connection with these facts is that the president yesterday passed gas, and later there was a further movement. Coupling this fact with the bulletins issued by the surgeons, the basis for hope seems stronger."

The following message from King Edward has been received:

"Am horrified beyond words at the dastardly attempt on your life. My best and warmest good wishes and most earnest hopes for your recovery."

Emperor William sends the following:

"Deeply distressed by the news of the dastardly attempt on your life. I express to you how I and the whole of the German people feel for you and for the anguish through which your country has to pass. May the Lord grant you a sure and speedy recovery."

Many a man spends half his time anticipating tomorrow and the other half in regretting yesterday.



"How do they expect me to lay when they have taken the china nest-egg, the only thing in the world I had to measure by?"

TOO GOOD TO BE WELL

A Hospital Doctor's Experience With an Out Patient.

There is an interval of silence; then a sudden peal as the accident bell is heard, and the next moment an agitated parent is seen running down the passage with a child tucked under the arm, its bare legs streaming behind it in the wind of its mother's rapidity.

"What's the matter, missis? Has she swallowed some poison?"

"No, sir; it ain't that," she pants; "but I'm that scared I don't know 'ardly which way to turn."

"Well, but what's happened? Has she hurt herself?"

"No, sir; and 'er father 'e's that upset 'e couldn't do nothing, else I ain't used to ramin like that, and 'e'd 'ave brought 'er up, but 'e says as 'ow 'e daren't touch 'er, and I've run all the way, and me 'eart!"

"Come now, missis, just tell me quietly what's the matter with the child?"

The patient, a pretty little thing of 4, looks inquiringly at her alarmed parent; there seems to be little the matter with her.

"It's all very well yer a-sittin there and a-tellin of me to be quiet," cries the mother. "If yer 'ad children of yer own yer wouldn't like ter see 'em die afore yer eyes. Oh, dear, oh, dear, and there ain't only two more and the baby!"

The doctor in despair examines the little girl, but fails to discover anything wrong.

"Now look here," says he firmly. "I can't find anything the matter with your child, so you'll have to go away unless you tell me why you brought her up to the hospital."

"Well, doctor, we was all a-bavin our tea a minute ago as it might be, and 'er father was outta a new bit of 'er was over from dinner, when Sussy, that's 'er, says as 'ow she loved God, and was goin to 'eavin when she doied. What! in tones of horror. 'Ain't yer goin to give 'er no medicine?'—Macmillan's Magazine.

Dwarf Trees.

To dwarf trees as the Chinese do you must follow their methods. They take a young plant, say a seedling or a cutting of cedar when about two or three inches high, cut off its taproot as soon as it has enough other rootlets to live upon and replant it in a shallow pot or pan, allowing the end of the taproot to rest up on the bottom of the pan. A liberal clay mold to the size of beans and just sufficient in quantity to furnish a scanty nourishment is then put into the pot. Water, heat and light are permitted on the same basis.

The Chinese also use various mechanical contrivances to promote symmetry of growth. As, owing to the shallow pots, both top and roots are easily accessible, the gardener uses the pruning knife and the searing iron freely. So that the little tree hemmed on every side eventually gives up the unequal struggle and, contenting itself with the little life left, grows just enough to live and look well.

Fire at Coney Island.

New York, Sept. 9.—In a \$15,000 fire at Coney Island the Orlebe bathing pavilion, at Tilyou's walk and Beach street, was destroyed. The Steeplechase was saved only by prompt work on the part of firemen and volunteers, who formed a bucket brigade.

Baron Morris Dead.

London, Sept. 9.—Michael Morris first Baron Morris and Killanin, is dead. He was born Nov. 14, 1827.

As a Woman Thinks.

The softest thing in the world is the hand of a loving woman when it caresses. After a woman has straightened up her husband's bureau drawer he can't find what he wants until it is mussed up again.

In most every woman's life there are times when everything seems to go wrong, and she thinks what a good place this world would be if there were no men in it.

A girl may not be able to write poetry nor paint sunsets, but if she knows something about making good pie and minding babies she may be pretty sure of one man's approval.

Women are but children grown, playing with hopes as children with bubbles. We laugh to see them grow and glisten in myriad rainbow tints, and when they float away and break—we cry.

Pillage In War.

At the storming of Magdeburg by Tilly in 1631 this noted authority on the art of war laid down the general maxim that after a successful assault the soldiers ought to have three hours of pillage.

Borrowed Jewels.

It is possible, it seems, in England to wear beautiful jewels without fear of robbery when the ornaments are not in use. Smart west end jewelers make a practice of loaning magnificent tiaras and other articles of jewelry for special occasions. These things are loaned as a courtesy to specially good customers, while other people less well known must make a deposit of the value of the jewels before taking them. The London Express in an interview with different jewelers makes this statement and further goes on to say, on the authority of a famous Bond street jeweler, that at a big ball of the Duchess of Devonshire there was hardly a piece of jewelry worth considering left in any of the best west end shops, so much of their stock was out on loan.

Health In Sleep.

Sleep is tired nature's sweet restorer. A woman unable to sleep soundly, who spends the night hours in restless turnings, is in danger of a nervous breakdown. On finding herself weakening in nerve strength she must rest. This rest must break up the accustomed routine of her work, though she need not give up all work. She must rise late and retire early. It is quite possible for housewives who are on the verge of nervous prostration to change their mode of life without giving up their work completely to avert such danger. The vast majority of nervous people do a great deal more than is necessary for them to do. If they can abandon their unnecessary exertions, it often will be all that is necessary to give them the relaxation required.

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LOST—On Wednesday, Aug. 28th, a kodak enclosed in a case with straps to go over the shoulder was lost somewhere between Victory Point Wharf and Portsmouth, N. H. The kodak was marked "M. A. K., June 5th, 1901." Finder please leave same at Chronicle office and receive suitable reward.

WANTED—A strong, reliable woman, to do kitchen work. Apply at "Orman House," Kittery, Me.

HELP WANTED—Manager wanted in every large county to appoint agents for the famous "Game of Skill" nickel slot machine for drinks or cigars, lawful everywhere, takes place of all forbidden slot machines. Wanted or sold on easy payments. Secure territory quick. Palmer Billiard Table Works, Chicago, Ills.

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THE COST OF A SONG.

Over and over and over the songs of our life are sung,
The same today as in ages gray when first the
The same today as in ages gray the singer's highest
Is to sing of man and the soul of man from the
depths of the human heart.

To sing the song that lingers in his heart from
that far day
When men were brave and women fair and life
was in its May
Is the singer's part of gladness when he gives his
soul to man
In a song that lives because sweet pain has changed
his earlier plan.

The husk, the harvest and the bin and all life's
spreading plain
To the singer must be singing if he man's soul
would gain
Man in his soul unattained strives for what cannot be
He grapples at a star and holds in his hand a drop
from the sounding sea.

Over and over and over, since the towers of time
were old;
Over and over and over, since the cloud gave the
sun its gold,
Over and over and over, since the lines of our
lives began,
Has man gone out from the marching host to
sing of the soul of man.

The singer who sang of the pyramids' prime has
gone the ways of men,
But the sun and moon and human heart are just
the same as then.

The heart of man is a restless sea of varied star
and clime,
And only when its depths are stirred comes song
on the shores of time.

Over and over and over, since wrong had realm
and state;
Over and over and over, since the shades on the
living wait;
Over and over and over, singing of sun in the
rain,
The chosen of God are bringing themselves of song
from pain.

—James Riley in *Yonkers Statesman*.

THE ROOKIES.

A TALE OF WAR.

"Holy gorillas!" exclaimed the major, looking askance at the file of rookies who had just halted in a ragged line before him. "Is this what I left my stool for? I was tired of that stool, too, but I didn't know what was before me. No, I didn't know!"

The major glanced down the file again and sized them up. First came a pale faced boy in store clothes and a celluloid collar. Beside him stood the huge bulk of a longshoreman, next the nervous, wiry frame of a cow puncher, next a fat boy who for all the world might have just stepped out from between the covers of some musty copy of "Plickwick Papers," next a youth with a handsome pair of black eyes and one frank face, next a lank fellow of twenty odd years with the look and the lean of a mountaineer, next—

"Good Lord!" exclaimed the major. "An Indian, if I'm alive! And this is what I'm up against. For heaven's sake, sergeant, take 'em away. Anywhere—yes, to the barracks or to the devil, if you wish; but the next time you bring 'em out have 'em in khaki or I'll go mad."

The sergeant saluted and dragged the batch across the green to where the major had called the barracks. The six were six rows of milk white tents perched upon the crest of the greenest of hills, and that day they were silhouetted against the bluest of blue skies and a deeper blue sea.

The major stood for a time gazing despondently after the batch, but when he caught sight of the blue sea and sky his face brightened, and with a spring in his steps and a song on his lips he climbed to the hilltop to one side of the camp, sat down on a boulder and gazed seaward. The sun warmed the major's back, the beauty that spread before him warmed his heart, and soon he stretched out upon the ground with a small stone as a pillow and went to sleep. By and by, how long does not matter, he was awakened by voices a not behold before him the rookies sitting in a solemn conclave a little way down the hill. The pale faced boy was speaking.

"He ain't much for looks."

"G'wan," interrupted the longshoreman. "Did ye moind thim harruns o' hlsn an' the snap in thim goggles? Did ye moind 'em? I ask ye. Well, ye kin look out for 'im ef-ef, moind ye, phwat O'm tellin ye—we gits into onny fightin'."

The cowpuncher opined of the major words too dreadful to print. They were so unusual that even the longshoreman, he of the picturesque visage, was shocked into swallowing his quid without a gasp and dropping his pipe.

It was the fat boy's turn, but he only shored. Then the black eyed youth spoke up.

"Tom," he said to the cowpuncher, with a sly twinkle in his eyes, "we wouldn't mind your cursing if we could only understand what you said. Won't you say it over again?"

The longshoreman aroused at that, and, stretching his long arm, he grasped the cow puncher by the collar and asked:

"Was it that little major ye was cussin in that way? Ef 'twas, jest ye swallow it. Moind ye, darlin', it's Mike O'Hoolihan o' the Red Shtar loine phvats a-talkin to ye, moind."

Then Mike dropped the cowpuncher, who fumbled around his hip pocket for a moment and then lay still.

The black eyed youth grasped Mike's hand, and the talk passed to the mountaineer.

"Be he a revenoo, man?" he asked. "I've shot at a many a one of 'em, but never met 'em face to face."

The cowpuncher looked gratefully at the mountaineer, and that time his hand lay upon his hip pocket meditatively.

"Rifle?" he asked.

"Yep," said the mountaineer.

A moment of silence, and the Indian

glanced from one to the other, grunted and rolled over to sleep, with his head resting upon the upturned stomach of the fat boy. This act sent the major into a fit of laughter. He could not get up if he would, so he began to roll down the hill as he had done many a time in his boyhood, and presently he landed against the guy ropes of his own tent in "officers' row." The next time that the major looked upon the file of rookies it was with keen interest.

Now, between the major and this file of rookies came a captain, two lieutenants, the usual complement of sergeants and a corporal or two. Of all these none is of any account in this yarn except the first sergeant, because he trained the rookies and made them what they were when they and the major came to a perfect understanding. In the meantime the captain had bit the dust at the stroke of a Mauser bullet, one of the lieutenants had died of fever, and the other one had disappeared. As for the other fellows, no sergeant but a first sergeant is any good for a year, and a corporal—he's good for nothing at all.

This sergeant was named Grimes. How old he was no one but he knew. He was a soldier, though, every inch of him, and when the scratch came it was he who played lieutenant to the major. That came about because when the battalion deployed on the morning of that memorable day in the jungle on the banks of Hell river Grimes' company took the center of line. It was then that the sergeant and the major had a tiff.

"Major," said Grimes, "git out o' the way o' fire when them regulations say as ye must. In there where ye be ye'll be killt."

"I will not, Grimes," said the major. "Did I get behind when we chased Geronimo?"

The sergeant gave a sardonic grin.

"That ye did not, major, God bless ye, but ye've got to this time." With that Grimes encircled the major's waist with his arms and made to bear him to the rear, while the company lay smothering in the pampas, burning inside with desire to be up and at the run behind the sickly yellow flag that dropped beyond the hill.

"Kittle hill, they calls it, eh?" said Mike, the longshoreman, to the black eyed youth.

"Hisht, phwat's that?"

"This time it was the major speaking. 'You knew I'd do it, Grimes,' he said, 'but you wouldn't heed.'"

"By the 40 articles, it's your right," said Grimes, spitting out a discarded tooth, "but ye are behind me line."

And he was, but the best Grimes could do could not make the major lie down. The blue lay between Hell river and the hill, a thousand miles or more from the hill where we left them awhile ago, with the rookies on one side snoring in the summer sun and the major rolling down the other side threatening at every turn to burst his waistband with the laughter he was holding in. They were in another clime, too, under a sun that burned like a scourge. Mosquitoes? No, they were Mauser bullets, clipping at the tops of the pampas grasses, scattering the delicate blossoms on the heads of the file. Behold them were other files, some of them wading Hell river knee deep in mud and shoulder deep in water. But that didn't save them, for the fellows behind the yellow flag on the hilltop had got the range, and almost every minute some one of them went down to settle there in a slimy grave. Some cried out, others only groaned. Some were silent and just sank, arms, haversacks and all, to join the roll of the "missing after the fight."

But not one of the file in the front looked like a rookie. The fat boy was nearly as fat as ever, and his little pig eyes gleamed savagely as he strove to get two fat fingers inside his trigger guard at once. Now and then one of them swore. It was always the cowpuncher first, until he laid down his gun and crawled to the rear. A Mauser took him in the skull. One kick, and he lay still.

The lank rookie shuddered, and, impelled by an impulse he did not understand, he rose to bring the cowpuncher back.

Zing, zing, zing, zing, zing!

"Listen to them!" sang out the black eyed boy. Down went the lank boy, his brains spilling into his hat. Then there were five of them.

Where all the rest of the company was only they and maybe their officers knew. The pampas hid everything. They might have charged. History says they did, but there is a dispute on a point of precedence in the matter. Some say that the seven rookies and the major and Grimes were left behind, but the major said no, and what were left of the lot agree with him.

It was the mountaineer's turn to go, it seemed, after the others had quit the light. He saw those two lying side by side, and his nervous force left him. But he was no coward. He did not shrink, as he might have done and often had doubtless. He got a good grip on his Krag, staggered up until his great length raised him even above the tops of the pampas. Then he doubled up like a jackknife, clapped his hand to his throat and rolled over, with his head next to the Indian's ribs.

"God!" said Mike and glanced down the file. There were beside him the Indian, the fat boy and Steve, with his black eyes flashing. They said nothing more, but lay listening to the major and Grimes, who were at it again.

"Now, with Geronimo," Grimes was saying, "we didn't have to wait for no orders. We got 'em first them days, eh, major? It's heads we wants. I'll come, major, an afore long they'll be after makin major generals an sich out'n sergeants. Sergeants, I tell ye, be ye listen to me!"

Just then came a tremendous shouting to the left. The big guns began to boom, and overhead the remnant of the major's file saw the shells sail and

burst. One of them exploded directly overhead, and the fat boy yelled.

"Keep it up, young un!" cried Grimes. "I'll do ye good."

The major began to get excited, and Grimes, watching him eagerly, whispered to the file:

"Git yer knees under ye, boys. If ye fall us, it'll be worse'n a settin up ye'll get when the day's over." They got their knees under them, those four, and lay ready to spring. Grimes could not keep his superior down, try as he would, and when a hoarse shout sounded near them and a white haired old man, alone and on foot, broke through the grass before them, the major shouted, "Charge!" and disappeared.

Up they all went, but they fired never a shot until the slope of the hill brought them up, when, if they had looked back, they would have seen Hell river winding its sinuous way amid the tangle, bearing on its muddy surface a straying and melancholy fleet of empty campaign hats, sole signs of those who had worn them. But there was no such thing as stopping until they were entangled in the barbed wire guard, half way up, where they stood in the line supremely helpless, but supremely heroes. Not one had a knife save his bayonet. But there flopped the yellow flag, looking green now, in the rising mist of the smokeless powder. How it mocked them only they can know. They clutched their rifles and beat the tangled wires down. Then they ran, tumbling, choking and crying, until the new turned clouds on the earthworks beneath the flag met their eyes. The major flung up his arms, and the five—the sergeant had picked up the mountaineer's rifle—dropped down and fired. One volley rang out, then another, another and yet two more, and they paused to load again.

A bugle called the charge, and, still cramming the cartridges home, the little band rushed on. Another bugle call, and Grimes yelled:

"At 'em, at 'em, at 'em, er we'll get left!"

Then they were where the mist and the smell of the fight held them complete. One more road, and their feet would be on dead earth. Grimes waved his rifle over his head, and the four rookies formed a phalanx. In a time of peace Grimes would have laughed at the show they made. Funny? Granted, but funny as grief is when a man's laugh grates and makes your blood run cold.

Then they marked time to the rhythmical swing of Grimes' rifle, with the bullets cutting the air between their very elbows.

"Charge!" cried the major, and Grimes' rifle bumped his forehead in a salute. And the phalanx charged evenly, step by step, stride by stride, until the major gave a yell that had been Geronimo's and their feet were upon the yellow clouds.

"Fire!" yelled Grimes. Five volleys blazed forth, and in a twinkling there was not a yellow face to be seen before them, for the trench was empty.

There had been six of them at that supreme moment, and some hours later there were only four, but then the sun had gone down, and in the faroff sky over the water the first lone star of the Southern Cross burned like a watch lantern against the blue black sky.

All about them the campfires burned, and over the hill and valleys hummed the sounds of thousands of men resting on their arms. The four had dug two graves just outside the breastworks between the trench and Hell river, and in them they laid with reverent hands the bodies of the two heroes—the fat boy and the Indian. Then they covered them over with the yellow earth and left them where they had fallen just outside the works at the moment of victory.

"What a death to die!" said Steve to the major, and in reply, while Mike Grimes and Steve stood with uncovered heads, the major lifted his face to the stars and uttered Geronimo's yell.

Then they lay down to sleep.—New York Sun.

Her Compliment.

"Talk about your corduroy roads," said a young actress who played here recently, "just let me tell you about the jolt the chambermaid dealt me the other morning. She has been letting me overdraw my towel account right along, so I felt that I was due to show my appreciation, and I gave her a pass to the show. She had a seat just to leeward of the orchestra leader, and I copped her out for my bullseye the minute I came on. I don't want to give myself a curtain call, but I do get them going the minute I cut in in that part, and there's something doing the whole time I am on the stage. I worked overtime last night showing that chambermaid the real thing. I was it. I was the whole programme, with footnotes. I made the hit of my life. This morning I met her in the hall."

"Did you enjoy the performance last night?" I asked, giving her the cue to hand me out a few well chosen testimonials.

"Oh, yes," said she. "I thought it was lovely."

"Did you?" I asked, getting ready to bow my thanks.

"Aly, yes" she went on. "I liked it ever so much. The scenery was just perfectly grand!"—Washington Post.

Didn't Change the Name.

A man named Palmer a long time ago made the English town of Rugeley notorious by an atrocious murder, and a deputation of the inhabitants waited on the home secretary with a petition for leave to change the name. The minister hesitated and asked what name they proposed to substitute. They replied that they had not decided.

"What do you say," he said, "to taking my name?" They expressed their unqualified delight and obtained the home secretary's consent to this method of obliterating the memory of the obnoxious Palmer. The home secretary in question was Lord Palmerston. The town is still known as Rugeley.

THREE MODEL WOMEN

AND SOME MODEL REFLECTIONS ON THEIR QUALITIES.

Clarissa, Joecasta and Asteria, a Trio of Fine Birds Made of Fine Feathers, Steel Bones, Wax Complexions and No Brains.

I suppose, now, that these three women are as well known by sight as any in the town. It is scarcely possible to walk the crowded pavement of the shopping district without happening to pass them by, and one need only describe them accurately to have them recognized in a public print.

Addison would have named them "Clarissa," "Joecasta" and "Asteria," I think for the first has an orange red head of hair and carries her chin high; the second is a dark beauty with a perpetual smile; the third has an expression of sedate meditation and dresses her coiffure in a style that is becomingly grave. She has the face of a young widow who tempts hope with resignation and coquettes with grief. If I may be permitted to guess at a lady's age, she is the eldest of the trio. Her complexion has faded, though her benignity has prevented wrinkles. She goes with her hands before her, the finger tips just touching, and there is a certain suggestion of stained glass windows in the calm of her eyes. Clarissa turns her palms to you with a regal set of her shoulders. Joecasta spreads a little finger airily and shows her teeth. You have seen them?

It is not likely that they are related—there is no family resemblance—but they are generally seen together, and their gowns are said to be from the one establishment. Certainly they are an excellent advertisement for their dressmaker. When the parade of the shopping district is at its gayest, they are the three women most remarked on the street. It can be said almost literally of them that they are "the glass of fashion and the mold of form, the observed of all observers." To the daintiness of their sex they are confessedly models and to the slovenly but blown and flushed in the hottest weather, but invariably cool and sweet tempered. Winter does not purple their noses or redden their eyes. They are always gowned in season and always are pleasant to pass as a corner stand of roses.

But here, despite chivalry, a man must begin his complaints. Though, for obvious reasons, he cannot turn to stare openly at them, he can pretend to be interested in a shop window and admire them from the end of his eye. Does he always admire? I say no, and there's the test. They have everything that many women long for—beauty, dress, grace and an air of culture—but they lack the heart and the humanity that make a woman more than a lay figure.

That may seem a hard thing to say. It is not said to discourage them, but to encourage the others. I have seen women dragging past them, limp and fretful with heat and humidity, stop to gaze at them with longing and envy. And I have seen Clarissa saunter then with uplifted nose, Joecasta smile over her shoulder with importunately sweetness and Asteria look through them without so much as lowering an eyelid. It may not have been intentionally insulting, but it was such an assumption of superiority, such an aggravation of the discomforts of wilted stocks and sticky foreheads, that no man with a heart for less perfect but more human women could fail to resent it. No; fine dresses and fine airs do not make fine women. Here is Clarissa as a proof of it. She has all three, and what is she? A figure to hang clothes on, with no more brains in her than a plaster cast; a pretty doll for a grown up; an object lesson for all conceit and superciliousness and the pride of fan women. Here is Joecasta, with a smile that would be enough to disarm criticism, and a figure to hang clothes on, with no more brains in her than a plaster cast; a pretty doll for a grown up; an object lesson for all conceit and superciliousness and the pride of fan women. Here is Joecasta, with a smile that would be enough to disarm criticism, and a figure to hang clothes on, with no more brains in her than a plaster cast; a pretty doll for a grown up; an object lesson for all conceit and superciliousness and the pride of fan women.

And now you draw your moral. There are many women in the public eye who fill it with as fair a show as Clarissa and who are no less shams and delusions. Their stage is larger than her shop window, but their acting is no better. They have beauty and fine gowns. Man looks at them with an eye of adoration, and yet, though they can talk, it is the speech of automatons, learned from their promptbooks; though they can move, they go according to stage directions. All that is their own Clarissa has. Why is it that her face is not on the billboards or in the picture papers? Why is it that you will not even find her name in the directory? Because the casual passerby discovers her nature with a glance, whereas her human prototype is more subtle, and though she has friends who know her, she keeps the public at a distance and deceives.

I have found a fascination in these figures. A feeling that I have met them in real life has kept me standing more than once before their plate glass puzling over the familiar features. I remember that I have seen Clarissa in 17th avenue, where, her gowns being staid at, she accepted the turning heads as a tribute to her beauty. Joecasta was a summer girl who chattered to the music of a string orchestra at the hotel "Mop" and was for saying clever things at all times, posing for another "Isabel Carnaby" and frothing and fizzing like an overcharged soda water that was bitter when you got beneath the foam of it. And I am sure I met Asteria at a reading club in her younger days when she "loved" all authors whose merit was unquestioned and could be stopped in her praise of any book if you whispered to her that the fashionable world considered it in bad taste. She formed her opinions as she did her manners, according to the best code of etiquette, and despised nonconformity as vulgarity, took her Sunday sermons in very high church. Her window pose is perfect. There is that religious calm settled in her eyes, but you would never expect her to join in a hymn; the choir is paid for singing her devotions—the set of her lips tells you that.—A. E. G. in New York Commercial Advertiser.

To Wash Woollens.

Woolen goods washed in soap and water shrink and acquire an odor from the soap. Soak the articles, therefore, for several hours in a warm solution of washing soda; then, after the addition of warm water and a few drops of ammonia, wash and rinse in lukewarm water.

TESTING OCEAN CURRENTS.

How Russia and America Conduct Interesting Experiments.

One of the interesting scientific experiments of the time is that quietly going on year after year, under the joint direction of the Russian government and our own, for the exact determination of the direction and velocity of ocean currents.

All American and Russian warships and merchant vessels carry with them a supply of empty beer bottles, says the New York World. As they traverse the seas thousands of these bottles are "cast upon the waters," to be recovered "after many days." Each bottle carries a record telling when and where it began to drift. Whenever one is sighted by a Yankee or Russian ship, it is picked up and a record made of where and when it was found. Then it is corked up and again sent adrift, to be picked up again and again and similarly used until perhaps it has indicated the force and direction of the currents over many thousands of miles of sea.

The records of our hydrographic office show that many of these bottles have drifted from 5,000 to 8,000 miles at a speed varying from 2 to 35 miles a day. The accumulated reports of several years have already yielded valuable information. Bottles cast into the sea near the equator tend westward and usually bring up in the West Indies or on the coast of Mexico. Along our Atlantic coast and north of the fortieth parallel bottles generally drift to the northward and eastward and are picked up on the north coast of Ireland or even farther north. A fact not yet explained is that bottles thrown into the stretch of the Atlantic that lies between latitude 25 degrees to 40 degrees north and longitude 30 degrees to 60 degrees west, which is crossed by numerous steamship routes, are very rarely seen again. Only six out of many hundreds have been recovered since 1888.

In his recent work on Luzon Dr. Rime of Hannover gives an interesting description of a visit to the gold diggings in the Candelaria goldfield. In the more elevated portions of the Candelaria district little trouble is given by water, but the air in the mines is often too foul to breathe. Ventilation is secured by lowering into the shaft a bucket of burning coals. If there are two connecting shafts, this device creates a good draft down one and up the other.

Dr. Rime's own shaft had reached the depth of 60 feet. At the bottom nearly naked workmen were cutting galleries by the light of little torches and sending up baskets of ore and refuse. These were hauled up by means of a wooden capstan worked by two men. This is Philippine gold mining as it has been carried on from time immemorial.

The gold bearing ore is then crushed by pounding with stones or on a larger scale ground in an arrastra, or mill, driven by a yoke of oxen. It is then washed in shallow wooden pans to get rid of the bulk of the lighter material. The product of this first washing is again washed in cocoanut shells and yields a quantity of gold in dust and small particles.

A vegetable sap called gogo is used in this process to precipitate the finer dust. Finally the dust is packed in small mussel shells and melted over a charcoal fire. This accounts for the peculiar shell-like form in which Philippine gold appears in the market.

Clothing and Disease.

Does the introduction of civilized clothing among savages breed disease and infirmities? It has been observed recently in the Philippines that the savages who have adopted civilized clothing have suffered in their general health. The wearing of a high silk hat, for example, has produced brain trouble, while even the strain of wearing pyjamas has caused serious nervous disorders. So serious have been the results in some cases that the physicians sent out to care for the soldiers have mentioned the new dangers in their reports.

How Artificial Ivory Is Made.

Artificial ivory makers now use a material prepared from the bones of sheep and the waste pieces of deer and kid skin. The bones are macerated and bleached in chloride of lime for a fortnight, then heated by steam with the skin until a fluid mass is formed, when a little alum is added. The product is filtered, dried in air and hardened in a bath of alum, the white, rough plates resulting being more easily worked than natural ivory.

Human Resistance to Heat.

People recovering from one or the other of the heat waves of this summer may be shocked to know that while the official mercury reached 102 degrees it is quite possible for the human system to tone itself up to withstand 600 degrees of heat. Nowhere on the earth's surface does solar heat begin to approach man's capacity for resistance, and in spite of the laws of physics the blacker the man the more heat he can stand.

Absorbent to Collect Dust.

A German absorbent collecting dust in sweeping is made by mixing 12 parts by weight of mineral sperm oil with 83 parts of roman or portland cement, a few drops of mirbane oil being added. The greasy, sandy mass retains the dust of the surface being cleaned, preventing the rising of the particles, and it may be used repeatedly.

TRAPPED GERONIMO.

HOW BRAVE LAWTON CAME TO CORNER THE WILY APACHE.

The incidents that led up to his selection by General Miles to command the Expedition that made the Indian Chief a captive.

An interesting story of how General Henry W. Lawton received command of the detachments which were assigned by General Miles to capture Geronimo and Natchez and their Apaches was told in the army building recently.

General Miles, it seems, had made up his mind to send out a detachment of infantry and a detachment of cavalry with orders not to return until Geronimo was either killed or captured. The orders had not been issued, but it was quite generally known throughout the department of the west that such a move was contemplated. Every officer who was in any way ambitious was aching for a chance to head the expedition, but no hint as to who would be chosen could be obtained.

It was known, however, that if a field officer was not appointed to command the two detachments General Miles would assign a cavalry officer to the post of honor. There was no chance that an infantry officer would be chosen. Meanwhile word had come that Geronimo had crossed over the line into Mexico. At that time the United States government had an agreement with Mexico whereby the armies of either nation when pursuing a hot trail might cross the line and enter either country. They were also at liberty to carry prisoners back to the respective countries.

Before ordering out his expedition General Miles, accompanied by Major Amos S. Kimball, set out for a small town on the Mexican border, where he met the governor of the Mexican province into which Geronimo had entered. The conference was satisfactory, and General Miles on his return to headquarters stopped over at Fort Huachuca, where the Fourth cavalry was stationed. The general was entertained by the colonel of the regiment, and Major Kimball put up in Captain Lawton's quarters. But little sleep he got that night, for Lawton wanted to command that expedition, and he declared that nothing else on earth would satisfy him. He sat up half the night impressing his visitor with his fitness for the command.

Major Kimball had heard of Lawton before, as indeed had all the army. His fame as a fighter was second to none. In secret he had formulated plans for the capture of the Apache chieftain, and there was not a detail that had been overlooked. He outlined to Major Kimball his ideas of how a successful campaign against the Apaches should be conducted, and in conclusion he produced a letter from a former colonel who had recently been made a brigadier general. The writer, in recommending Captain Lawton for promotion, said that he felt that Lawton was a man of so fine a record and solidly attainments that he hesitated in recommending a man whom he knew was vastly superior to himself. "I feel," concluded the new brigadier general, "that Lawton should be recommending me. It is assumption on my part to praise him. He is above such praise as mine." That is, the letter ran as nearly like that as the officer who told this story could remember.

At all events General Miles and Major Kimball went to headquarters the next morning, and before nightfall Lawton was there, too, in response to a telegram. The captain was then duly detailed to command the expedition, and in a day or so it started out. General Leonard Wood, by the way, went along as surgeon in the infantry detachment.

The expedition was gone for months. Occasionally a heliographic message would be received, but otherwise the soldiers had disappeared as completely as though they had never existed. Finally a message came to General Miles, Geronimo and Natchez and their Apaches had been cornered in Mexico, but the wily old Apache would surrender to no one but General Miles himself. Lawton consequently held the Indians and sent for Miles. The general arrived some time after, and Geronimo surrendered. He was put on a reservation and from that day was never within smelling distance of his old stamping ground among the rocks and cañon of Arizona.

As for Captain Lawton, he looked like a ghost, according to Colonel Kimball, who was present at the surrender. There was nothing to him apparently but uniform and bones, and his men were no better. Surgeon Wood, it is worth while saying, took command of the infantry detachment upon the illness of its commander.

Soon after Captain Lawton was rewarded by a post in the inspector general's department.—New York Sun.

BLOCKADED.

Some in Every Household in Portsmouth, but They Are Growing Less.

The back aches because the kidneys are blocked.

Help the kidneys with their work.

The back will ache no more.

Lots of proof that Doan's Kidney Pills do this.

It's the best proof, for it comes from Portsmouth.

Mrs. Ira F. Randall, of 73 Pleasant street, says:—"I was taken with acute lameness in the back, and it became so tender over the kidneys that I could not bend forward. Twinges of pain often caught me in making any quick movement. The pain, and the tired out feeling hang over me all the time were most distressing. I was very bad when I went to Phillips' pharmacy in Franklin block for Doan's Kidney Pills, yet they very quickly benefited me, and I discontinued using them before the box was completed. I am very favorably impressed with the old Quaker remedy and as I have quite recovered from the attack I can certainly recommend it.

For sale by all dealers; price 50 cents. Foster—Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. sole agents for the U. S.

Remember the name—Doan's—take no substitute.

OLIVER W. HAM,
(Successor to Samuel S. Fletcher.)
60 Market Street.
Furniture Dealer
—AND—
Undertaker.

NIGHT CALLS at side entrance, No. 2 Hanover street, or at residence, cor. New Vaughan street and Raynes avenue.

Telephone 59-2.

Constantly Increasing Sales Since 1874
Tells the story of the great success of the

7-20-4
10c CIGAR.

Little Gold Dust
A clear Havana filled
50 CIGAR

By the same manufacturer, is also a great favorite.

For Sale by All First Class Dealers.

H. W. NICKERSON,
LICENSED EMBALMER
—AND—
FUNERAL DIRECTOR,
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Calls by night at residence, 9 Mill avenue, or 11 Oakes street, will receive prompt attention.
Telephone at office and residence.

W. E. Paul
RANGES
—AND—
PARLOR STOVES
KITCHEN FURNISHING GOODS

Everything to be found in a First Class Kitchen Furnishing Store, such as Tinware (both grades), Enamelled Ware (both grades), Nickel Ware, Wooden Ware, Cutlery, Lamps, Oil Heaters, Carpet Sweepers, Washing Machines, Wringers, Cake Closets, Lunch Boxes, etc.

Many useful articles will be found on the 5c and 10c Counters.

Please consider that in this line will be found some of the Most Useful and Acceptable Holiday Gifts

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**For Portsmouth
and
Portsmouth's Interests**

You want local news? Read the Herald.
More local news than all other local dailies combined. Try it.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1901.

There is going to be some very gilded junk in this country if the Constitution goes into the heap, too.

The "prettiest girl in Porto Rico" has been elected. Dear Porto Rico, how will you trade her for Mrs. Nation?

The football monster begins to show his head furiously here and there, and will soon venture to drag his awful form fully into view.

Prince Chiu trembled when he saw the kaiser. The points of the mustache doubtless had something to do with it. They go the other way in China.

There is a report that Mr. Kipling has threatened to write no more poetry. There is also an impression that he left off writing it some time since—say just after the "Recessional" was composed.

An esteemed correspondent of the Herald suggests that Governor Jordan set apart a day in the very near future for an united public prayer throughout the state for the recovery of the president from his terrible injuries. The suggestion seems to be a timely and appropriate one and it comes from one who appreciates the great public spirit manifested in this national incident and who believes in the efficacy of united supplication to the divine will.

The shores and farms are being deserted and the summer season has practically reached the end. This has been a flush season for the hotels that announce to a believing world that they overlook seven counties from some convenient mountain peak, and that their piazzas are "swept by ocean breezes." It has been so, because it ought to be. The city multitude, with money to spend and wants to be satisfied, is larger than at any time before, and while here and there a straggler detaches himself from it to try country life under his own roof, the great majority are more solicitous than ever before of the ease and comfort and distinctive atmosphere of the summer hotel. The hostelry that caters to the wants of the city man fills a definite and very ample space among the institutions of the country. It provides that comfortable and spacious intermediary between city life and country life, "with the bark on," that the major part of urban mankind prefers. To become a genuine farmer is no light task. It is a mortification of the flesh for the time being, and it requires permanent tasks and self-denials that the pleasure-loving sojourner does not count of his own account, and it hedges him in with real restrictions. That is why, unless he sets forth with a well grounded and unquenchable enthusiasm, to say in his own experience the last words of invincible ruralism, he lands in a good summer hotel. The meals, the service, the music, the ample piazzas, the congenial companionship, the sanitation, the care given to the little essentials, all appeal to him, and he becomes a very willing victim to the modified version of the country which he gets through the doors of his caravansary. Such is the argument that the returned city man makes for himself. If his friends ask him, "How about that abandoned farmhouse you said you were going to move into?"

THE HORSE THIEF CAUGHT.

Man Answering the Description of the Much Wanted Negro Arrested in Epping.

The Portsmouth police were notified this afternoon by telephone that a man supposed to be George Brown, the negro who stole Hon. H. A. Yeaton's team last Tuesday, had been arrested and was held for the Portsmouth officers.

Special Officer Robert E. Hodgkins at once started for Epping to identify the man and bring him back. The negro will be prosecuted for cruelty, as well as for horse stealing, for he drove the animal to death after the theft was committed.

The Abenaki Golf club of Rye beach will play a return match with the Exeter Golf club on the Jady hill links Wednesday.

Acting under authority of an act passed by the last session of the legislature, Rockingham county officials are about to issue \$85,000 of 3 per cent coupon bonds. The present debt of the county is \$207,000.

President W. D. Lovell of the electric railroad syndicate says that the work on the big power plant in this city for the Rockingham County Light and Power company will be started at once. He says seven shares held by the Manchester Traction company have been bought by him.

At the Rockingham are J. C. Nicholson, Mrs. J. C. M. Collins, New York; E. B. Peeble, John Bryant, John Kent, Dr. A. H. Parker, Boston; Mrs. Wymen Vanderpoll, Norristown, N. J.; Miss Lorraine LeMoine, Bath, Me.; Maryland; Mrs. Frederick M. Chaney, Miss Beatrice d'Este, York Harbor.

Assistant Paymaster E. W. Delano, detached as pay officer, purchasing pay officer and general storekeeper, San Francisco training station.

Paymaster W. L. Wilson, detached from the Pensacola and San Francisco training station, September 16; to home and wait orders.

Assistant Paymaster H. W. Delano, detached as pay officer, purchasing pay officer and general storekeeper, Guam, and ordered to Asiatic station.

NAVAL ORDERS.

Assistant Paymaster E. W. Delano, ordered to naval station, Guam, as pay officer, purchasing pay officer and general storekeeper and as pay officer of station ship.

Naval Constructor R. M. Watt, detached from New York yard, October 1, ordered to duty as superintending constructor of works at Fore River Ship and Engine company, Quincy, Mass., and at works at George Lawley & Son corporation, South Boston, Mass., October 7.

Naval Constructor G. H. Rock, detached from work at New York Shipbuilding and Dry Dock company, Newport News, Va., Oct. 1, to duty as superintending constructor, Bath Iron Works, Bath, Me., Oct. 10.

Assistant Naval Constructor D. C. Nutting, detached from work of George Lawley & Son Corporation, South Boston, ordered to New York yard, Department of Construction and Repairs Assistant Naval Constructor H. L. Ferguson, detached from Bath Iron Works, Bath, Me., Oct. 10, ordered to duty as assistant to superintendent of construction, works of Newport News Shipbuilding and Dry Dock company, Newport News, Va.

Naval Cadet R. S. Manley, ordered to the Vixen.

"NASHUA" THE CRY.

New Hampshire Epworth Leaguers To Meet There on the 18th.

"Nashua, 1901!" Such is the rallying cry of New Hampshire Epworth Leaguers. The annual convention will be held to the second city in the state, Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 18 and 19, and promises to be one of the most successful ever held. A full program, enthusiastic leaders and generous hosts will contribute to make the occasion a memorable one.

This will be the fifth annual convention of the Epworth Leaguers of the New Hampshire conference. It includes besides the young people of this state those in Lawrence, Haverhill, Amesbury, Newburyport, and Salisbury, Mass.

The leading speakers of the convention Wednesday and Thursday evenings will be Professor William North Rice of Wesleyan University, the former evening and the Rev. E. M. Taylor of Boston, the latter. Both of these are elegant men in Methodism and the young people look forward with delight to their addresses. Besides there will be the Rev. A. J. Hough of White River Junction, Vt., who will give an original poem, Mrs. Anne E. Smiley of the general who will speak for the juniors, Miss Elizabeth J. Northup of Boston, the Rev. F. J. McConnell of Ipswich, Mass., and the Rev. B. F. Morgan of Malaysia. Miss Northup will represent the literary department of the League.

A number of New Hampshire conference men will speak, including the Rev. J. C. Brown of Hillborough Bridge, the Rev. A. E. Drake of Green land, the Rev. J. G. Cairns of Oconto cook, the F. A. Tyler of Enfield, the E. C. Strout of Concord, the Rev. R. T. Wolcott of Suncook, and Mr. D. an K Webster of Lawrence, Mass., president of Dover District League. Two addresses will be along the various lines of work as represented by the League. Special rates have been secured on the railroads and a large attendance is expected.

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MIRAGE SURPRISES.

PUZZLING PICTURES IN THE DESERT COUNTRY OF ARIZONA.

Wonderful Illusions That Vanish From Sight Like a Shooting Star and Some Others That Linger Until the Going Down of the Sun.

As the mirage is so infrequent in the populous part of our country and as so little is said about it, it is probable that the majority of Americans know it only by name, though they may have read descriptions of the mirage of the Sahara desert or the Fata Morgana of Sicily and southern Italy. Occasionally it may be seen across Lake Ontario, and New York state may look upon a Canadian town pictured upon the sky. This happens but once in many years.

But the mirage of the southwest becomes a friend, a sort of traveling companion. As the traveler passes through Arizona on the train he sees the lakes coming and going all the time and wonders if it is not a mistake to call it a desert. Occasionally he will be astonished to see wild animals come so near the train, but when he sees some great beasts, larger than the elephant, he begins to ask questions and is likely to feel skeptical when told that it is all a fancy and due to the mirage. Our party was growing so used to phantoms that we were confident we could not be mistaken again. Nevertheless we were.

We had left the Moqui reservation and were traveling toward the Cutiquio river when we beheld a city chiseled out of marble, with cathedrals and towers, with pillars capped with Grecian gods and Christian saints, with streets of marble and a river winding its way through the city. We believed it a real city and thought it was built of marble because it was so plentiful here. It was a city of splendor, but a child of the sun, which gave life and beauty to the land barren desert, and, lo, when we look again the magic city, with its wonderful towers and pillars and river, has vanished like a shooting star!

Along the Colorado river the mirage is frequent. Sometimes the objects are reversed, and appear to be upside down, sometimes they are not—that is, standing one above the other. The scientists say that these mirages are caused by the heating of the sand, the atmosphere being of much higher temperature near the surface, where it expands rapidly, but leaves the greater volume of air above denser; that the sun striking the air obliquely forms an angle of light because it passes uniformly through the dense air, but when reaching the diffused air it pierces more rapidly and inclines straight toward the earth instead of obliquely, with a tendency to turn back toward the denser atmosphere. This angle of light causes a reflection. The objects on the earth are shadowed in the lower strata and reflected from that upon the higher. And yet this was not a satisfactory explanation to us, for the mirage astonished and amused us after the sun had gone.

One evening we were sitting on the steps of a ranch cabin when, looking toward the south, we saw a magnificent monastery. We were surprised that we had not seen it before. It was then growing dark, and we could see it until total darkness closed. In the morning it was gone. The next morning we were aroused before daylight in order that we might see the train at the Needles, about 80 miles south. We could see the cars plainly, as well as the men. The whole scene seemed but a few hundred yards away. This, we were told, may be observed almost any morning in the year.

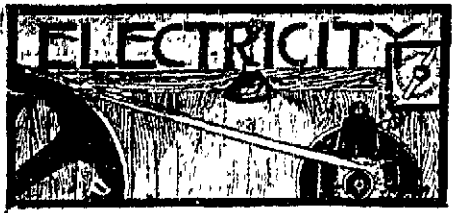
The next morning the mirage gave us was near the Paganio Indian reservation. One morning we were presented the picture of a lively city. The houses and the markets were plain, and the inhabitants, wearing their scarves and sombreros. Many were going to church, the water carriers were hurrying about, men on mulebacks were going here and there and there was no mistaking the fact that it was a real city. We learned afterward that it was the town of Magdalena, Mexico, a hundred miles or more south.

But the most wonderful of all the scenes is that of the Jim Jan valley, in the San Bernardino mountains, over the Arizona line in southern California. From Yuma to the mountains we passed many scenes, the most interesting being the mud "volcanoes." The mud is thrown up from many openings, some springs spouting several feet in height. There is a continual making and destruction of mud pies. These so called volcanoes are sometimes below sea level and generally quite cold, though a few are boiling hot. Both are accompanied by a rumbling noise. One sees the skeletons of many birds that in their search of water have perished by the fumes of the "volcanoes." We saw the remains of mocking birds, golden eagles and the Mexican snowbird.

When we entered the Jim Jan valley through the Dead Man's pass, the sun was shining brilliantly. We had not gone far when we witnessed strange things. The walls of the cliffs are frightfully scarred and the peaks twisted into tortured forms. Not a living creature of any kind inhabits the valley, which is only 20 miles or so in length and probably half as wide. So far as we could tell, when in our right senses, not a plant or living thing of any nature inhabited this valley. Yet we saw many lakes and rivers and foliage and birds and water fowl which vanished as we proceeded and formed again beyond. We saw strange beasts coming toward us in all directions, which made us restless and the women of our party almost hysterical.

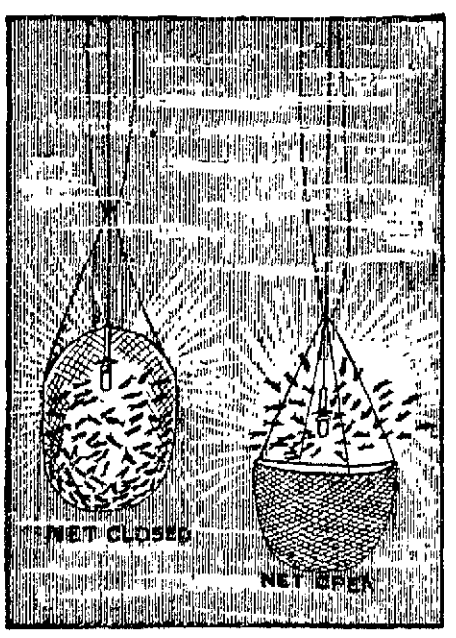
Beyond we saw Indians in their canoes and thought to reach them, but they, too, vanished. In their stead we saw a mountain rise in a lake of silver. Great birds of different hues seemed to hover over the lakes; beautiful trees, with fantastic forms, hung over the water. The mountain seemed to move, and as it moved its summit was crowned by a great ball of blue fire, which was surrounded by a halo of light. We were astonished to see the mountain nearing us. Of course we knew it was an illusion, but when the mountain top appeared to break off and to be falling upon us our nerves were quite unstrung. We knew that we were almost prostrated. We knew that a storm was brewing, so we hastened back. The storm broke before we reached Dead Man's pass, the lightning flashing on all sides of us, forming in crosses, stars, halos and other fantastic forms. The thunder crashed from wall to wall and seemed to tear the mountains and the very atmosphere.

Upon leaving the valley a feeling of relief came to us, and we all agreed that if it had not been named we certainly would call it the "Jim Jan Valley."—Detroit Free Press.



Fishing with electric light rays for bait is the latest feat of science, says the New York Journal. The inventors of the light that is to rob the sea of its inhabitants say it will revolutionize the fishing industry. The Captains Courageous whose praise Kipling has sung are to be no more. Instead, a handful of electricians will go down to the sea, press a button, and, lo, hundreds of fish, drawn by an irresistible power, will find themselves flapping around the deck of a boat.

This power is the Yale marine arc light. Its inventors are Irving A. Bur-



On each of the boats there will be four electric lamps on cables 200 feet long. Each light will be lowered in a net which will be automatically closed. The weight of the fish will close it. Each boat will be equipped with a complete electric lighting plant, and wherever possible wood will be used to deaden sound. For night fishing the decks will be brilliantly lighted.

The lamp consists of an upper mechanism chamber solenoid and other mechanism. The lower chamber is enclosed by a glass globe, which is hermetically sealed to the upper chamber by rubber gaskets. Inside the lower chamber are placed an inner globe and the carbon. The lamp is 22 inches over all and is encircled by a handle seven inches in diameter. The metal parts are of gun metal. The glass globes are designed to withstand a pressure of 500 pounds, insuring safety at a depth of 1,000 feet. The greatest depth to which any diver is known to have descended is 204 feet. The feeder cable is led into the mechanism chamber through a rubber packed stuffing box, and when immersed the lamp is, of course, water tight.

A Chance For Electricians. A Berlin tramway company offers prizes of \$750 and \$375, respectively, for the best speed indicators suitable for use on their cars. An additional royalty will be paid to the owner of the successful instrument.

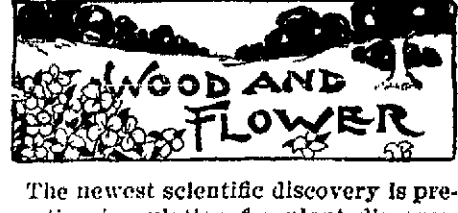
To Make Ozone by Electricity. A patent has recently been taken out in Germany for the production of ozone by the electrification of the air by a process which reduces the heat generated and, therefore, the formation of oxides of nitrogen to a minimum. The apparatus to be preferred has its electrodes covered with a very large number of points and separated by glass plates. The great point appears to be to make the electric discharge as nearly invisible as possible.

Here's a Pleasant Prospect. This summer's excessive heat is explained by a Chicago scientist in a way calculated to give both chills and fever to that part of humanity which accepts his explanation. He asserts that the earth in its annual revolution about the sun is approaching nearer and nearer to that orb every summer and getting farther and farther away every winter. The ultimate result, he avers, will be that the inhabitants of this sphere will be alternately baked and frozen until no living being is left.

WITH THE DOCTORS. The use of gas to make the hair grow is one of the latest medical discoveries. The gas employed is oxygen. A large cap fits tightly round the head and is supplied with oxygen from a bag which is slung over the patient's shoulders. It is worn for a few hours every day and even in cases of absolute baldness is said to produce a more or less luxuriant crop of hair.

The discovery was made at the Oxygen hospital, London. The gas is used for the cure of quite a number of diseases. A woman was undergoing the oxygen cure for skin disease, and one of her arms had for many days been placed in a light airtight box filled with the gas. It was soon noticed that on that part of the arm that was unaffected by the disease the growth of hair was much stimulated, and this naturally suggested oxygen as a cure for baldness.

The first experiment was made upon a woman who had completely lost her hair, and it was found that after a few weeks' treatment there was quite a strong growth.



The newest scientific discovery is preventive inoculation for plant diseases, says the New York Herald. It offers to the world a novel means of fighting the numerous maladies which attack the garden, the orchard and the ripening field crops. Hypodermic injections of certain germ cultures are given to the plants, which, being mildly sickened for awhile, presently recover and are thereafter proof against infection—vulnerable vegetable immunes, in fact.

Plants, like animals, are subject to ever so many diseases, most of them caused by germs of one kind or another. Such micro organisms when they feed on the leaves cause what are called "rusts" and "smuts" and frequently do an immense amount of damage. Often the fruit in garden or orchard rots in the very act of ripening, and this is as likely as not to be occasioned by a peculiar bacterium known to science as the Maculium putrefaciens.

This bacillus has been chosen as a special favorite for the inoculation work. It grows rapidly on gelatin and is easily utilized in a suitable solution for injections. Wheat, oats, beans, sunflowers and radishes when treated in this way show symptoms of being unwell, but soon throw them off and are thenceforth proof not only against "plant rot," but also against other common maladies due to germs.

The bacillus in feeding on the gelatin multiplies at a great rate and incidentally develops a poison peculiar to itself. This poison, or toxin, as experts call it, can be separated from the germs themselves by a simple process of filtering. Then it may be used by itself in making the injections, and, as far as shown, it has the same effect in rendering the plant immune. It appears to communicate the symptoms of the complaint without the actual malady, but the result is equally satisfactory.

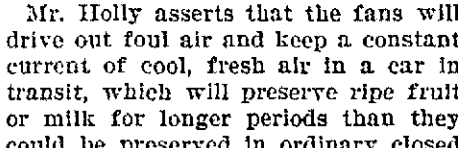
Developing Odor In Flowers. Accounts from St. Louis say that an enthusiastic lover of flowers has succeeded in breeding an odoriferous race of tulips and that he is now engaged in experiments with the chrysanthemum, to which he expects eventually to impart the fragrance of the rose.

Transparent Mirrors. Mirrors that one can see through are a new invention already coming into use. They are so called "platinized glass," being backed with a compound made of 95 per cent of silver and 5 per cent platinum, and, optically speaking, they are exceedingly curious and interesting. Looking into a glass of this kind one finds first rate reflection. It is a mirror and nothing more. At the same time a person on the other side can see directly through it.



An invention for supplying fresh air for the inside of railway cars carrying fruit, milk or other perishable merchandise has been worked out on a simple basis by Jerry Holly of Chicago, a retired railroad man. No assertion is made that his invention will take the place of refrigerator cars. It is expected only to reduce the temperature to the extent that is possible by propelling drafts of fresh air through a car from large fans under the floor that are operated by power taken from the axle through cogwheels. The force of the current of air will vary with the velocity of the car in motion.

Mr. Holly asserts that the fans will drive out foul air and keep a constant current of cool, fresh air in a car in transit, which will preserve ripe fruit or milk for longer periods than they could be preserved in ordinary closed



THE PLAN TO AIR CARS. As the device is simple and inexpensive and as the power for operating the fans would be merely nominal, the inventor says he thinks it should prove to be very popular with shippers.

In a model which he has made a casing under each end of the car protects the fans, taking in air from an opening in the forward end and sending it up into the car through a pipe for distribution. The fans and casing are detachable.

Rapid Electric Railway System. A high speed electric railway has recently been opened between Milan and Varese, Italy. The distance of 50 miles is covered in 50 minutes, the train reaching a speed of 60 miles per hour. The third rail and four motor cars are used. Power is obtained from the Ticino at Tornavento.

Locomotive That Burns Alcohol. On a private railroad used chiefly to carry coal to and from a brickyard in Prussia a locomotive using alcohol as fuel is used. It was built for a society for the promotion of the use of spirits, which in that part of the world are largely produced in distilleries of large landholders to utilize surplus produced in making beet sugar, unmarketable potatoes, etc.

PORTSMOUTH'S SECRET AND SOCIAL SOCIETIES.
WHEN AND WHERE THEY MEET.
A Guide for Visitors and Members.

OAK CASTLE, NO. 4, K. G. R.
Meets at Hall, Peiros Block, High St., Second and Fourth Wednesdays of each month.
Officers—Willis B. Mathes, P. C.; Robert M. Herriek, N. C.; Allison L. Thiney, V. C.; Charles C. Charlsen, H. P.; Fred Heiser, V. H.; Fred Gardner, K. of E.; Charles W. Hanscom, C. of E.; Samuel R. Gardner, M. of R.; George P. Knight, S. H.

PORTSMOUTH LODGE, NO. 97, B. P. O. E.
Meets at Hall, Daniel St., Second and Fourth Tuesdays of each month, every Second Tuesday of June, July and August, and Fourth Tuesday of September.
Officers—True W. Priest, E. R., H. B. Dow, T.; I. R. Davis, S.

PORTSMOUTH COUNCIL, NO. 8, O. U. A.
Meets at Hall, Franklin Block, First and Third Thursday of each Month.
Officers—Wm. P. Gardner, C.; Chas. B. Allen, V. C.; Frank Pike, R. S.; Frank C. Langley, F. S.; J. W. Marden, T.; Chas. W. Hanscom, Ind.; Malcolm D. Stuart, Ex.; Wm. C. Berry, I. P.; Wm. Emery, O. P.; Harry Hersum, Trustee.

88600D LODGE, NO. 48, I. O. O. F.
Meets in Odd Fellows' Hall every Thursday evening at 7:30 o'clock.
Officers—Frederic B. Higgins, N. G.; Charles J. Fenderson, V. G.; Howard Anderson, Sec.; Edwin B. Prime, Treas.; Albert C. Plummer, Fin. Sec.

The Degree Flag will be displayed when degrees are to be conferred. Watch for it. All brother Odd Fellows not members of the Lodge are cordially invited to attend the Lodge meetings and are assured a cordial greeting.

YOU CERTAINLY WANT THE PUREST FINE OLD KY. TAYLOR WHISKEY
Full Quarts. 8 Years Old.
R. H. HIRSHFIELD, N. E. Agent,
31 DOANE STREET, BOSTON.
For Sale by Case and Bottle by Globe Grocery Co.

POLA LOVED HIM.
Samson Roy Who Wanted to Own a Portrait of Stevenson.
After Mr. Stevenson's death so many of his Samson friends begged for his photograph that we sent to Sydney for a supply, which was soon exhausted. One afternoon Pola came in and remarked, "A very hurt and an aggrieved manner that he had been neglected in the way of photographs."

Professional Cards.
W. O. JUNKINS, M. D.
Residence, 98 State St.
Office, 26 Congress St.
Portsmouth, N. H.
OFFICE HOURS: 1 A.M. to 3 P.M. 7:30 to 10 Evenings

C. D. HINMAN, D. D. S.
DENTAL ROOMS, 10 MARKET SQUARE
Portsmouth, N. H.

F. S. TOWLE, M. D.
84 State Street, Portsmouth, N. H.
Office Hours: 9 A.M. to 5 P.M. 7:30 to 9 P.M.

The Famous HOTEL WHITTIER,
Open the Entire Year.
Favorite stopping place for Portsmouth people.
If you are on a pleasure drive you cannot fail to enjoy a meal at Whittier's.
OTIS WHITTIER, Proprietor

CUTLER'S SEA VIEW,
HAMPTON BEACH,
Where you get the famous FISH DINNERS.
Most beautifully situated hotel on the coast. Parties catered to.
JOHN CUTLER, Proprietor

STANDARD BRAND. Newark cement
400 Barrels of the above Cement Just Landed.
THIS COMPANY'S CEMENT
Has been on the market for the past fifty years. It has been used on the Principal Government and Other Public Works, and has received the commendation of the Architect and Engineers generally. Persons wanting cement should not be misled. Obtain best.
FOR SALE BY JOHN H. BROUGHTON

BOSTON & MAINE R. R.

EASTERN DIVISION

Summer Arrangement, In Effect June 24.

Leaves Portsmouth
Boston, 3:50, 7:30, 7:35, 8:15, 10:55,
11:05 a. m., 1:30, 2:21, 3:05, 5:00, 6:35,
7:33 p. m. Sunday, 3:50, 8:00 a. m.,
2:21, 5:00 p. m.
Portland, 9:55, 10:45 a. m., 2:45,
3:50, 11:20 p. m. Sunday, 8:30, 10:45
a. m., 5:50, 11:20 p. m.
Wells Beach, 9:55 a. m., 2:45, 5:22
p. m. Sunday, 5:30 a. m.
Old Orchard and Portland, 9:55
a. m., 2:45, 5:22 p. m. Sunday, 8:30,
10:45 a. m.
North Conway, 9:55, 11:16 a. m., 3:00
p. m.
Somersworth, 4:50, 9:45, 9:55,
11:16 a. m., 2:40, 3:00, 5:22, 5:30 p. m.
Sunday, 8:30 a. m., 1:30, 5:00 p. m.
Rochester, 9:45, 9:55, 11:16 a. m., 2:40,
3:00, 5:22, 5:30 p. m. Sunday, 5:00
p. m.
Dover, 4:50, 9:45 a. m., 12:35, 2:40,
5:22, 8:52 p. m. Sunday, 8:30, 10:45
a. m., 1:30, 5:00, 8:52 p. m.
North Hampton and Hampton, 7:30,
7:35, 8:15, 11:05 a. m., 1:35, 2:21, 5:00
p. m. Sunday, 8:00 a. m., 2:21, 5:00,
6:35 p. m.
Leaves Portsmouth
Boston, 6:00, 7:30, 9:00, 9:40, 10:00,
10:30, 1:30, 3:15, 3:40, 4:45, 7:00,
9:45 p. m. Sunday, 4:30, 8:20, 9:00 a. m.,
6:40, 7:00, 9:45 p. m.
Portland, 2:00, 9:00 a. m., 12:45,
1:40, 6:00 p. m. Sunday, 2:00 a. m.,
12:45 p. m.
North Conway, 7:25, 10:40 a. m.,
3:15 p. m.
Rochester, 7:19, 9:47 a. m., 12:49,
5:30 p. m. Sunday, 7:00 a. m.
Somersworth, 6:35, 7:32, 10:00 a. m.,
1:02, 5:44 p. m. Sunday, 12:30,
4:12, 6:58 p. m.
Dover, 6:55, 10:24 a. m., 1:40,
4:25, 6:30, 9:20 p. m. Sunday, 7:30
a. m., 12:45, 4:25, 9:20 p. m.
Hampton, 7:50, 9:22, 11:58 a. m.,
2:13, 4:25, 4:59, 6:16 p. m. Sunday,
8:25, 10:08 a. m., 8:09 p. m.
North Hampton, 8:02, 9:28, 12:04
a. m., 2:19, 4:31, 5:05, 6:21 p. m. Sun-
day, 6:30, 10:12 a. m., 8:15 p. m.
Greenland, 8:05, 9:35 a. m., 12:10,
2:25, 5:11, 6:27 p. m. Sunday, 6:35,
10:18 a. m., 8:20 p. m.

SOUTHERN DIVISION

PORTSMOUTH BRANCH

Leaves the following stations for
Manchester, Concord and interme-
diate stations:

Portsmouth, 8:30 a. m.; 12:45, 5:25 p. m.
Rockland Village, 8:39 a. m.; 12:54,
5:35 p. m.
Rockingham Junction, 9:07 a. m.; 1:07,
5:58 p. m.
Ppping, 9:22 a. m.; 1:21, 6:14 p. m.
Aymond, 9:32 a. m.; 1:32, 6:25 p. m.
Returning leave
Concord, 7:45, 10:25 a. m.; 3:30 p. m.
Manchester, 8:30, 11:10 a. m.; 4:20 p. m.
Aymond, 9:10, 11:48 a. m.; 5:02 p. m.
Ppping, 9:22 a. m.; 12:00 p. m.; 5:16 p. m.
Rockingham Junction, 9:47 a. m., 12:17,
5:55 p. m.
Rockland Village, 10:01 a. m., 12:29,
6:08 p. m.
Trains connect at Rockingham Junction
for Exeter, Haverhill, Lawrence
and Boston. Trains connect at Man-
chester and Concord for Plymouth,
Rockville, Lancaster, St. Johnsbury,
Newport, Vt., Montreal and the west.
North Hampton only.

Information given, through tick-
ets sold and baggage checked to all
points, at the station.
D. J. FLANDERS, G. P. & T. A.

York Harbor & Beach R. R.

Leaves Portsmouth, 7:50, 11:20 a. m., 12:45,
3:07, 4:55, 6:45 p. m.
Leaves York Beach, 6:45, 9:50 a. m., 12:10,
1:25, 4:10, 5:50 p. m.
D. J. FLANDERS, G. P. & T. A.

NAVY FERRY LAUNCH, NO. 132.

GOVERNMENT BOAT.
FOR GOVERNMENT BUSINESS.

Leaves Navy Yard—8:20, 8:40, 9:15,
10:00, 10:30, 11:45 a. m., 1:35, 2:00, 3:00,
4:00, 5:00, 5:45, 7:45 p. m. Sundays,
10:00, 10:15 a. m., 12:15, 12:35 p. m.
Holidays, 9:30, 10:30, 11:30 a. m.
Leaves Portsmouth—8:30, 8:50, 9:30
10:15, 11:00 a. m., 12:15, 1:45, 2:15, 3:30,
4:30, 5:30, 6:00, 10:00 p. m. Sundays,
10:07, a. m., 12:05, 12:25, 12:45 p. m.
Holidays, 10:00, 11:00 a. m., 12:00 m.
Wednesdays and Saturdays

We Are Now Receiving Two
Cargos of

PORTLAND CEMENT

AND THE
HOPKINSON CEMENT

The only lot of fresh cement in the city

We have the largest stock
and constant shipments en-
sure the newest cements.

J. A. & A. W. WALKER
187 MARKET ST.

GOOD OVER ALL.

On the river of life as I float along
I see with the spirit's sight
That many a nautilus weed of wrong
Has root in a seed of right.
For evil is good that has gone astray,
And sorrow is only blindness,
And the world is always under the sway
Of a changeless law of kindness.

The commonest error that truth can make
Is showing its sweet voice hoarse,
And thus to make the soul's mistake
In misdirecting its force.
And love, the fairest of all fair things,
That ever to man descended,
Grows rank with nettles and poisonous stings
Unless it is watched and tended.

There could not be anything better than this
Old world of the way it began,
And though some matters have gone amiss
From the great original plan,
And however dark the skies may appear,
And however souls may blunder,
I feel yet all will work out clear,
For good lies over and under.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox in Cosmopolitan.

TRUE GHOST STORIES.

An English Admiral Who Saw His Son's Apparition.

I know of a distinguished admiral who
was reading the paper one day when he
suddenly exclaimed, "I have just seen
—" naming his son, who was a lieuten-
ant in the navy on the West African
station. "He is on shore, being carried
by sailors. He is very ill or dying, and
he is wearing a marine's cap." It was
afterward shown that his son, who was
on some expedition on shore, had been
suddenly struck down with fever and at
the time in question was being carried by
sailors and, what was more strange, he
had some time before lost his own cap
and was wearing such a cap as his father
had seen, which he had borrowed from a
marine.

Of these stories there are a great many.
One of the best authenticated of them is
the incident in which Captain Sherbrooke
of the Thirty-third regiment, afterward
General Sir John Cope Sherbrooke, and
Lieutenant George Wynward of the
same regiment were concerned. One after-
noon in 1785, when they were both sit-
ting together in Wynward's quarters.
It was about 4 o'clock. They had both
dined, but neither had taken wine. The
room they sat in had two doors, one open-
ing into a passage, the other into Wyn-
ward's bedroom.

The only way into the sitting room was
the door from the passage, and the only
way into the bedroom was through the
sitting room. The two officers were read-
ing some military subject together, hav-
ing left mess early to pursue their studies.
Sherbrooke, happening to look up from his
book, observed a tall youth of about 20
years of age, whose appearance was that
of extreme emaciation. Struck with the
appearance of a perfect stranger, he turned
to his friend and directed his atten-
tion to the guest who had broken into
their studies. As soon as Wynward saw
the mysterious stranger he became very
agitated. "I never," Sir John Sherbrooke
used to say in telling the story afterward,
"saw a living face assume the appearance
of a corpse except Wynward's at that
moment."

"Good God," Wynward ex-
claimed, "it is my brother!" The stranger
seemed to go into the bedroom. They
followed him, but they found that there was
no one there. They took note of the hour
and day. When the mail came from
home, there was a letter to Sherbrooke
from a mutual friend asking him to break
to Wynward the news that his favorite
brother was dead. He had died on the
day and at the very hour on which Wyn-
ward and his friend had seen his spirit pass
through the apartment.

There is one point that occurs to one on
reading this story. Did the young man
die in England at 4 o'clock in the after-
noon on the day in question or did he die
at the hour that the clock would have
pointed to in England when it was 4 p.
m. in Canada? In a good many of these
stories the difference of time at different
places seems to be ignored.

The story, however, seems to have plenty
of evidence to rest on. It was published
in 1823 by Mr. Jarvis in his "Accredited
Ghost Stories," and there is a note to the
effect that a relation of Wynward's had
read it and stated that in all important
circumstances it was strictly true. Then
the author says that Sir John Sherbrooke
often told the story, and Sir John lived
for some five years after the book was
published. In a discussion in "Notes
and Queries" a writer who seems to have
known the family bears witness to the
correctness of the story. One important
point is that after the apparition had been
seen and before the news had come out
Wynward and Sherbrooke spoke freely to
their brother officers of what they had
seen.—Household Words.

The Missing Link.

In the jungles of southeastern Asia
and the islands near by, which have long
been known to science as the cradle of
the human race and which are still unin-
habited by the very lowest orders of human
beings, the rhinoceros, lion, hippo-
potamus, gigantic pangolin, hyena and
other animals, remains of which were
found round about him.

It has been computed that this ancestor
lived somewhere about the beginning of
our last glacial epoch, some 27,000 years
ago. In other words, about 17,000 genera-
tions have been born and have died be-
tween him and ourselves. It will assist
our understanding of what this relation-
ship really means to know that nearly
250 generations carry us back beyond the
dawn of history, 5,000 years ago.—Mc-
Clure's Magazine.

When Men Powdered Their Faces.

The use of powders for the hair and
face, which began in the sixteenth cen-
tury, infected the men. Henry III had
the habit of parading the streets of Paris,
his face covered with white and red
paste, like a faded coquette, and his hair
filled with violet powder and scented with
musk. Powders were made of all colors,
and the infatuation was such that servant
girls were afraid to be seen in public
with their hair of the natural color and,
not being able to buy that used by their
employers, employed sawdust as a sub-
stitute.

What He Was After.

He—Well, I've just been elected presi-
dent of the road. More yachts, more dia-
monds, more horses, more corner lots.
She—But haven't you enough, dear?
He—Oh, I've never cared about my own
"enough." I want the other fellow's.
Brooklyn Life.

At a place called Kotorn, on the
French ivory coast, the natives believe
that to eat or destroy a turtle would
mean death to the guilty one or sickness
among the family.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

Wandering of a Word.

Isn't it strange to think of a word
"wandering"? We like to hear a traveler
tell his adventures, of the countries he
has seen, the people he has known. Do
you know that some words are experi-
enced travelers and could tell a wonder-
ful tale of new lands and changed cus-
toms?

Just take, for instance, the word "bu-
reau." Should you think it had any con-
nection with the word "fire"? In old
Greek days there was a word "pur," or
"fire." Then the Latins needed it for
"fiery red," and they made it "burrus."
Presently it wandered to France and be-
came "bureau," meaning "reddish brown."
For a long time it lived there until it grew
to be in modern French "bureau," a rough
woolen cloth. Then French used the
cloth to cover their writing tables, so
these were called "bureaus." Next the
government officials borrowed the word,
for their valuable papers were kept in
the writing tables, so "bureau" came to
mean a place of information or depart-
ment of state. You know we use our bu-
reaux for keeping our clothes. What do
you think of that for a series of adver-
tises?

The word "bank" has an interesting
life. Once it was "banco," a bench. You
wonder where is the connection? Well,
in Italy the Lombard Jews used benches
in the market place for the exchange of
money. As times grew prosperous they
had to move to larger quarters. In Ven-
ice, 1550, was the first public bank start-
ed. Then you can think of other words
from bench—the river bank, the bank
of keys of the organ or a bank of clouds.

Her Name Was Ruth.



There was a young maid from Duluth,
Who rejoiced in the sweet name of Ruth,
But she always chewed wax
With such very loud snatches
That it made her look very uncouth.
—Brooklyn Eagle.

Forgot Her Part.

A well known countess was announced
to speak at a costers' gathering in the
east end, so the little daughter of one of
the costers—a flower seller—was deputed
to present the countess on her arrival
with a beautiful bouquet, says London
Spare Moments.

The evening arrived, with an enthusi-
astic audience in the hall, and presently
the countess was announced.
The little girl, who had been coached
as to what to say, walked along the plat-
form to where her ladyship stood and in
her confusion convulsed every one with
laughter by shouting out:
"Here you are, mum! Only a penny a
bunch—market bunch for a penny!"
The countess smiled, accepted the flow-
ers, and the child got the penny.

The Obedient Egg.

Empty an egg through a small hole and
they dry the shell thoroughly. Put into
the hole, after the shell is dry, about two
tablespoons of fine, dry sand and plug the
hole with white wax. The sand inside
will act as ballast, and by slightly shak-
ing the egg thus "fixed" you can change
at will the center of gravity and make
your shell assume any position you like,
to the amusement of beholders who are
not up to the trick.

The Man's Extra Hour.



"What! They send you to bed at 4
o'clock? Why don't you assert your man-
hood and make them let you stay up till
7?"—Chicago American.

All Come After A.

"Johnny" queried the teacher of the
new pupil, "do you know your alpha-
bet?"
"Yes," answered Johnny.
"Well, then," continued the teacher,
"what letter comes after A?"
"All the rest of 'em," was the trium-
phant reply.

A Song For School.

Some boys, when they come to school
(And some girls, too),
I grieve to be obliged to say
That this is what they do:
They wriggle
And jiggle,
They hang their heads
And giggle;
They twitter
And titter,
They lounge and sounce
And dither.
Whatever thoughts their minds may fill,
They've no idea of keeping still.
Some boys, when they take up their books
(And some girls, too),
I weep to be obliged to say
That this is what they do:
They chatter
They tatter them,
They crumple, rumple,
And maul them.
They snatch and pull
And haul them.
It makes me very sad to state
A schoolbook's in a wretched state.
—Laura E. Richards in St. Nicholas.

CZOLGOSZ LOSES NERVE

Police Said to Have Obtained
Damaging Admissions.

EVIDENCES OF A CONSPIRACY.

Report That Mr. McKinley Was on
the Anarchists' List of Rulers Who
Were to Die—President Laughed at
the Story.

Buffalo, Sept. 9.—The police and the
secret service men were busy all day
yesterday, as they have been ever since
the shooting last Friday, in trying to
reach the bottom of the plot to assassi-
nate the president, which the govern-
ment sleuths at least firmly believe to
have existed. The prisoner, Czolgosz,
has displayed so much cunning, mixed
with his apparent frankness and readi-
ness to talk about himself, that the de-
tectives have been baffled and have
done a great deal of work in the dark.
In the attempt to drag something defi-
nite as to his associates out of the
prisoner Superintendent Hull of the
local police arranged a plan to trap him.

One of the headquarters detectives,
disguised as a plumber and with a full
kit of plumber's tools, was introduced
into the corridor which contains cell
No. 21 with the anarchist.

The detective has a slight knowledge
of plumbing, and, with a degree of
skill that compelled the admiration of
his brother detectives who stand guard
unseen day and night beside the cell,
he managed to disarrange the plumb-



THE ASSASSIN.

ing connections of the whole tier and
so naturally after some time came to
Czolgosz's cell to do some work. The
doorman admitted him to the cell and
then locked him in with the prisoner,
and the detective remained for more
than an hour.

While he was working to repair the
breaks in pipes that he himself had
made the detective chatted with Czol-
gosz, and soon the prisoner was talk-
ing freely. The disguised detective
expressed sympathy with the attempt
on the life of the president and finally
so won the confidence of the anarchist
that he said a great many interesting
things which all the cross questioning
of his inquisitors had failed to extract
from him. Just how much he revealed
concerning the plot and who were con-
cerned in it is not known.

Rumor of Collapse.

The police yesterday afternoon re-
sumed their third degree tactics with
Czolgosz, and it is reported that the
prisoner broke down at last and cried
that he was sorry he had shot the pre-
sident and, falling on his knees, begged
and prayed to be allowed his liberty or
at least for a chance to sleep. He lost
all his bravado and his self control
which has borne him up so far in his
confinement in the belief that he was a
hero. He has lost control of his eye-
brows, which twitch nervously, and his
face is haggard and drawn. He has
not had an hour's consecutive sleep
since Saturday, it is said. Every few
minutes somebody would wake him up
to question him. The police attach
much importance to this breakdown of
the prisoner and believe that he is on
the eve of a confession which will re-
veal the names of all those who were
concerned with him in the plot.

On Bresci's List.

In this connection it was learned
that Bresci, who killed King Humbert
in July, 1900, had a slip of paper in his
possession when arrested which con-
tained the names of six rulers marked
for assassination by the anarchists and
that on this list, in which King Hum-
bert figured as No. 2, was the name of
President McKinley as No. 6. The list
was headed with the name of the Em-
press Elizabeth of Austria, who was
murdered in 1898. President Loubet
of France, whose life was attempted,
was No. 3 or No. 4 on the list. The
list the Italian government forwarded
to the government in Washington.

This anarchist assassination pro-
gramme was turned over to the secret
service bureau, and Senator Hanna
was informed of it. He went to the
president and cautioned him and be-
gged his permission to have a strong
bodyguard established which should be
close to President McKinley's person
whenever he went abroad.

The president would not listen to the
suggestion. As he had told other friends
like Attorney General Gages before, he
said he had "no much faith in the Amer-
ican people and their common sense as
well as their spirit of fairness and de-
cency to fear any attack on his own
person."

Senator Hanna told of this incident
yesterday and added that the anarchist
programme of murder was now in
Washington and that he had telegraphed
for it to be forwarded to him here
in Buffalo. If the investigations of the
police here result in establishing a con-
nection between various groups of an-
archists in this country and Europe the
result may be of interest in Paterson.

SOUTH AMERICAN WAR.

Rebels Active in Neighborhood of Panama.

Kingston, Jamaica, Sept. 9.—The
Royal Mail steamer Para, from Colon,
reports rebel activity in the neigh-
borhood of Panama and Colon. She also
reports that fighting has taken place at
Bocas del Toro. The government of the
latter place failing to repulse the Lib-
erals, the rebels have given notice of
their intention to attack Colon within
a fortnight. The government is contin-
ually moving troops to meet the rebel
advances. Trade continues almost par-
alyzed.

A dispatch from Colon, dated Sept. 8
and refused by the censor and forward-
ed by steamer to Kingston, says that
Colombia's financial straits are ex-
treme, and she is pushed to the last
point to obtain funds. The Colombian
paper peso is now worth less than 3
cents, and gold continues to depreciate.
Seventy or 80 per cent of the peo-
ple of the country sympathize with the
revolution and are opposed to the pre-
sent government, largely, it is asserted,
on account of the government's exac-
tion of taxes and imposts and other
vexatious efforts to raise money.

A decree, dated Bogota, July 18, prac-
tically disrupts the country and de-
prives the Bogota government of the
power to take national action in which
the various departments could be ex-
pected to take a responsible part. It is
almost impossible to expect Colombia
to take concerted action on an interna-
tional matter because of the weakening
effect of the decree in question.

The future contains no promise of
financial betterment, and the people be-
come daily more burdened. Forced
loans are common, and their daily re-
currence is expected. In some cases
customs receipts have been hypothecated
months in advance as security for
these loans, and in other cases no secu-
rity is given. The continuation of such
governmental impositions increases the
Liberal ranks, and the prolongation of
the present situation will, it is believed,
increase the Liberals' chances of suc-
cess.

The Iowa at Panama.

Colon, Sept. 9.—The United States
battleship Iowa arrived at Panama
Saturday. The residents of Colon are
rejoiced to learn that hopes are enter-
tained of President McKinley's recov-
ery.

STORM ON LAKE HURON.

Two Ships Wrecked—No Lives Were Lost.

Port Huron, Mich., Sept. 9. Owing
to the severe gale which had been blow-
ing for the last two days piled up
on the shore are many thousand
dollars' worth of vessel property, and
the chances for getting them off are
slim unless many thousand dollars are
expended in dredging.

Strange to say, in connection with
this great calamity there is no loss of
life. The life saving crew took off
thirty-eight people during Saturday
night, and the others were beyond dan-
ger. The large Amaranth, owned by
Captain Kotcher of Detroit, is a total
loss. She was loaded with bath, as was
also the steamer Pauley. Their car-
goes are strewn all along the shore.
Ever since Saturday night the Wawatam
has been endeavoring to release
herself, and at 5 o'clock last night she
succeeded in getting out into the lake.
The tug Samia, owned by the Red
Wrecking association of Sarnia, Onta-
rio, which went out to the assistance
of the wrecked boats, is grounded on
the bottom and deserted by her crew,
but will be saved.

Captain Plough of the life saving
crew came ashore at 6:20 p. m. with
eight men and reported no loss of life
and stated that without a doubt it is
the worst wreck that he has witnessed
in years.

Stormy Meeting at Bayview.

Milwaukee, Sept. 9. The Bayview
meeting, after a stormy session, broke
up in a row. The radical element left
the hall, and the remaining members
not quite half of those in attendance
voted to return to work and did so to-
day when the mills started up. The
question of returning to work was de-
bated at length, and after every mem-
ber had had his say President Joseph
D. Redfern ordered a secret ballot to be
taken. An appeal was made. The ap-
peal was referred to the vice president
of the lodge, whose duty it is to act. The
result of the meeting will undoubtedly
be a split in the organization of the
Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel
and Tin Workers in this city.

Insurgent Leader Surrenders.

Manila, Sept. 9.—The insurgent lead-
er Angeles has surrendered in the
Camarines, with nineteen officers, for-
ty-two men, a number of rifles and a
quantity of ammunition. Numbers of
other small surrenders occur daily. The
only active forces now operating with
any number of men are those of Malab-
ar and Lukban. The capture or surren-
der of the former is expected at any time.
The latter, the Filipinos believe, will
hold out as long as he is able to get
ammunition. His brother, a doctor at
Manila, says Lukban will never surren-
der.

May Postpone Schley Inquiry.

Buffalo, Sept. 9.—A rumor is current
that in view of the attack upon the
president and the presence here of the
chief officials of the country that the
Schley court of inquiry be postponed.
No official information on the subject is
obtainable yet.

Far Meet King Edward.

Fredensborg, Sept. 9. Emperor Nich-
olas met King Edward at Copenhagen
and accompanied him hither. A grand
banquet was given last evening, at
which all the British, Russian and
Danish royalties were present.

Weather Forecasts.

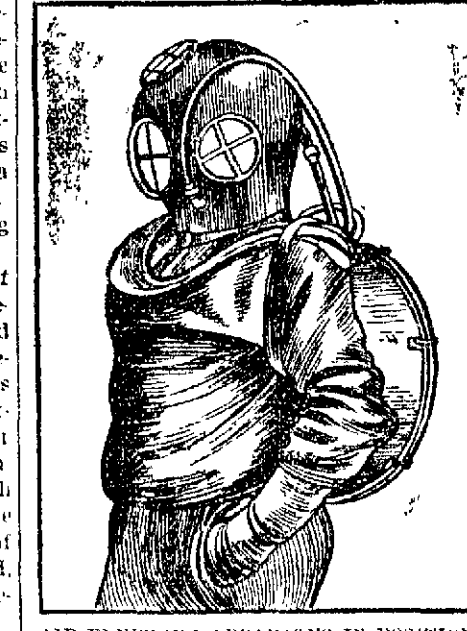
Fair and cool; fresh northerly winds.

WILL REGENERATE FOUL AIR

Novel and Important Invention of Two French Scientists.

It appears from an article in a recent
number of La Nature that some time
last year Desgres and Balthazard
called attention to a substance which
is used in dyeing and which in contact
with water becomes decomposed into
oxygen and soda. The substance is
called binoxide of sodium, and in some
experiments performed at the Faculty
of Medicine lately it was shown that
animals could be kept alive for hours
in closed vessels by regenerating the
exhausted air with this chemical. This
led to the discovery that by throwing
binoxide of sodium in small quantities
into water in a hermetically sealed
vessel a sufficient quantity of oxygen
was disengaged for respiration, while
the soda simultaneously formed fixed
the expired carbonic acid of the air,
and that at the same time a destruc-
tion by oxidation of the toxins in the
gas from the lungs took place.

Following up these discoveries,
Messrs. Desgres and Balthazard have
succeeded in devising an apparatus
that will insure life in a medium other-
wise irrespirable, in mephitic gases as
well as in water, and though this has
been done by a number of devices, in
all of them it has been necessary after
a short time, say an hour, to employ a
pump to re-enforce them with air. But
in the arrangement of the above named
inventors the appliance itself suffices,
for it manufactures new air as it is
needed without the intervention of any
auxiliary machinery.



AIR REGENERATING APPARATUS IN POSITION.

The apparatus is composed of three
distinct parts combined into one.
There is a prismatic steel box to con-
tain and distribute the binoxide of
sodium as it may be required, which is
divided into compartments by ten hori-
zontal shelves, one above the other.
Each of these carries a supply of the
chemical. With them there is connect-
ed a clockwork movement which
causes each one to fall in succession at
definite intervals of time. This causes
the contents to fall into a cubical steel
box containing water, and a small fan
actuated by an electric motor operated
by accumulators produces a continuous
circulation of the vitiated and regener-
ated air in the apparatus and in the
small space inclosing the subject. As
the air becomes somewhat heated in
the process of its regeneration it is
made to pass in its exit

